

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2717.—VOL. XCVIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

THIRTY-SIX SIXPENCE.
PAGES 6 By Post, 6d.

Captain Noble.

Prince of Wales. Princess Maud. Prince Albert Victor.



The Queen.

Lord Armstrong.

Prince of Wales. Princess Beatrice. Princess Victoria.

THE QUEEN AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION: THE HUNDRED-AND-TEN-TON GUN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the hundreds of relics at the Naval Exhibition there are many, of course, of a most interesting nature—as, for example, the bullet that killed Nelson. But there are also some very curious ones, such as three of his left-handed gloves, and the cocoa-nut out of which that not very estimable naval commander Captain Bligh ate his allowance of bread and water under circumstances over which he had no control. "The silver pencil used by Hardy to write down signals at Trafalgar, with marks of his teeth made in moments of excitement," strikes one as "something like a relic," but also as a strange one; so does "The ivory-handled pocket-knife dropped from the Norfolk, East Indiaman, on her passage from Bengal to England, and found twenty-six hours later in the stomach of a shark." This seems what the doctors call "a rapid recovery under very adverse circumstances"; but to confound the sceptic there are attached to it "the particulars and signatures of verification." Naval matters have connection with "port" of two kinds, but it is somewhat unexpected to find bottles of that wine among these relics—one of them was on board the Victory at Trafalgar, and the other, much cobwebbed (indeed, "encrusted"), fished up from the wreck of the Royal George—a pipe said to have been used by Nelson; and also a boat-swain's-pipe, used by one Henry Burrows at the battle of the Nile. The relic, however, that bears the palm, as a curio, is a tobacco-stopper, "being the mummified finger of 'Jack the Painter,' hanged at Portsmouth, March 10, 1777, for setting fire to the rope-house in the dockyard." It is a strange reflection that he himself, probably often used it for the same purpose when alive.

The *Royalist* is satirical upon the non-success of the Guelph Exhibition, which is chiefly to be ascribed, it seems, to the absence of relics, "especially those stained with blood," and it remarks with scathing severity that, since the reigning family "have never shed their blood in any cause, or for any cause, it was impossible to find such relics." The Stuarts, it is true, caused a great deal of blood-shedding, but I am not aware that they ever shed their own, save in their own behalf, or when, as in Charles the First's case, they could not help it; while their lavish sacrifice of that of their adherents reminds one of the liberal offer made by an American gentleman to President Lincoln, in the thick of the civil war, of "all his wife's relations."

One of the objections made to Mr. Besant's proposal of an Authors' Club is that it would include too many members—rather a novel stumbling-block to the prosperity of any club. But in New York they have an Authors' Club, and, if the *Critic* of last month is to be believed, the objection made to it is that it is too exclusive. An article of its constitution runs: "No one shall be eligible for membership who is not the author of a published book proper to literature, or who has not a recognised position in other kinds of distinctive literary work." Out of the 134 members of whom the club consists, not more than fifty have published a book of any kind, and still the correspondent of the *Critic* is not happy. She—for it is a lady who gives the club this piece of her mind—contends that almost all these members "depend upon journalism for existence," and yet that journalism is not accounted by the club as literature. "If journalists thus belittle their own profession," she asks, "why should they resent the contempt shown them by American society?" This is a most unexpected inquiry. It is generally understood that American journalists are the very *crème de la crème* of society. "To shut out of any literary organisation," she goes on to say, "men and women who are shaping the destiny of this Republic, and (oh dear! oh dear!) putting more brains into journalism than are put into nine tenths of the books, is to be guilty of an inexcusable blunder." It was probably not journalists but critics whom the founders of the Authors' Club wished to exclude. As the matter stands, as the lady points out, "the Authors' Club is largely made up of such as, by its own ruling, should not belong to it"; but perhaps the journalist, before admission, has to take an affidavit that he will never criticise a member's book. A more liberal and much better plan (which I venture to recommend at home) would be only to forbid them to write unfavourable criticisms. In this case there is a Shakspearean motto to suit an Authors' Club to a nicety—"We are advertised by our loving friends" ("Henry VI.").

A lady writer in the *National Review* is indignant with the girl of the period because she is so deficient in information. This is not the experience of most of us: we find her only too full of information—though, to be sure, it is generally about herself. But would she be any less objectionable, or any nicer, for knowing all the ologies? It is supposed that a "high-school education" teaches these; but this, the writer affirms, is quite a mistake. The young person whom she took abroad, "in order to test the effect of foreign travel," had enjoyed the advantage in question, but knew nothing at all. It is rather hard upon any lady to be made a test case unawares, but certainly the result was rather a fiasco. She had nothing to say of the Alps except that "they didn't look so very high," which really outdoes the Cambridge undergraduate who had nothing to observe to the Master of Trinity save "The Gogmagogs are very high hills." When Catullus's villa was pointed out to her, it turned out that she had never so much as heard of him; her guide, philosopher, and friend would doubtless rather have travelled with Mrs. Blimber, who would have "died happy if she could but have seen Cigero in his retirement at Tusculum." But, after all, there are many people who think that the less young ladies know of Catullus the better. At Venice she wanted to know how many Doges there were at once. Well, that at least showed a desire for knowledge, or perhaps she thought Doges was spelt with a *d*, like the gentleman who defined the Dodge of Venice as assassination. Where, however, this poor girl utterly

did for herself in the eyes of her mentor was when she inquired whether the pictures at Brera were "hand-painted." That, it must be admitted, was rather an extreme case, but, to my mind, innocence is always attractive. I would much rather go with a young lady of sweet seventeen and the most perfect simplicity to a picture gallery (or anywhere else) than with an art critic. A writer in an evening journal has justly remarked upon this sad case that, after all, it must have been a novel experience to find a young person of the opposite sex (or, indeed, our own) who did not pretend to know what she did not know, or to like what she did not like. Ignorance may be very bad, but it is at least better than affectation.

The recent alleged attempt to trick a London jeweller by means of the philosopher's stone is very curious, and reads like a leaf out of the far-back past. Yet, according to the statement of the prosecution, the fraud has been lately practised in America—the very last soil, one would have thought, for it to flourish in—with complete success. To turn 40,000 sovereigns into 100,000 is done in the City every day, but not "by means of an acid so strong that nobody can live in the same room with it." What makes the case still stranger, this wonderful discovery is said to have been made by a member of the Russian Government, which is nevertheless notoriously in want of funds. Of the "six follies of science," the philosopher's stone has always been the most popular, the majority of people much preferring to see their property increased than to learn, for example, the quadrature of the circle, or even the multiplication of the cube. So firmly was it, of old, believed in, that in Henry the Fourth's reign an Act of Parliament was passed which Lord Coke described as the shortest he had ever met with: "None from henceforth shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplications, and if any the same do, he shall incur the guilt of felony." But this was not by any means the view taken by Edward III., who issued a proclamation as follows: "Know all men that we have been assured that John Rows and William de Dalbey know how to make silver by the act of alchemy; and, considering that these men may be profitable to us, and to our kingdom, we have commanded our well-beloved Thomas Carey to apprehend the aforesaid John and William, wherever they be found, within liberties or without, and bring them to us, together with all the instruments of their art, under safe custody." The earliest alchemist was supposed to be Geber, an Arabian, whence Dr. Johnson derives the contemptuous epithet "gibberish."

A lady in Wales has discovered that groundsel makes an excellent salad—when you cannot get anything better. The same thing has been said, under the same circumstances, of the dandelion: it has been even thought—in cases of shipwreck—quite a delicacy. But on grounds of humanity, I am sorry about the groundsel, for the poor canaries are certain to suffer for it. Why cats are not more often starved to death is because none but cats appreciate cat's-meat. When once a food is found common to animals and humans, the animal goes to the wall; and there is no reason to hope that pet birds will be an exception. If the ostler steals the oats from the horse of the wayfarer to dispose of them at second hand, how much more will the page and the housemaid stop the supplies of this dainty on their way to the canary cage! During the Irish famine there was a boom in starch; a philosopher and divine pointed out its staying powers as an edible. In vain Mr. *Punch* protested that he had run upstairs (1), having previously sucked his shirt collar, and (2) without so fortifying his inner man, and found not the least difference in the state of his limbs or lungs. The idea became extremely popular for more than a fortnight, but with the result that one's shirt came home from the laundress as limp as could be. To the vegetarian—who seems sadly in want of a new *plat*—groundsel will be, doubtless, a welcome addition to his menu, but these food discoveries have always their drawbacks.

One is glad to read that the French Government have conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour upon Messrs. Johnson and Putnam, the two secretaries of the American Copyright League, for the admirable services they rendered in the passing of the recent Bill in Congress; but it strikes one that it would have more befitted another country, much more interested in the matter than France, to have paid them some similar mark of honour. Perhaps it is not too late even now for English authors to manifest in some way their gratitude to these worthy gentlemen.

My views about the Blue Coat boys' costume have not found favour in every quarter. Here is

A PROTEST.

BY HIS MOTHER.

Farewell, that modest muffin cap,
Farewell, those stockings yellow,
Farewell, stout gown of Watchet blue,
And shorts, my little fellow!
I wis not, child, what is 't they lack,
Who'd change these clothes upon thy back!
His bands, his brogues—a winsome rig!
Good lack! what boots it talking—
In flimsy salt-and-pepper fig
The child will soon be stalking!
Only thy frugal mother knows
What wear was in those stout blue clothes.

It is a curious thing, and would be surprising if one was not acquainted with the "cussedness" of fanatics, that in all the philippics against tobacco no mitigation of their abuse of the noxious weed occurs on the ground of the mildness of its description. Like the moralist who included all offences "from murder to marbles" in the same black catalogue of crime, they know no difference between pigtail and Turkish. If they were to try the former just for once—but there, I do not wish them any harm, only it is so sad to hear people talk of things of which they have no knowledge. Well,

the authorities at Kew have discovered a tobacco "worth talking about" (in a denunciatory sense), and that really does have the effects which our fanatics ascribe to the harmless cigarette. "Shiraz tobacco cannot be smoked in the ordinary way, but must be first soaked in water and squeezed like an orange, or it will cause vertigo." Would it not be worth while to import a pound or two of this brand, and administer it to reclaimed smokers on platforms, to produce a moral effect upon the audience?

The discoverers of the remains of eminent persons who have "flourished" a thousand years ago and upwards are having a high time; there seems some little difficulty about the daughter of Pharaoh, whose mummy the authorities of the Aquarium, it is understood, decline to purchase without a warranty, but it is hoped this will be got over. We shall be glad to welcome her for "the season." In the meantime, the liveliest hopes are entertained that we have come upon Aristotle in Eubœa. His supposed sarcophagus had "six gold diadems" in it, which, to be sure, are rather unexpected articles to find in a philosopher's coffin, but also a couple of steel pens (or at least metal ones), which restores the average of probability. There were also several terra-cotta statuettes in the grave, one of which struck the explorer as being a good likeness; only what sounds a little suspicious again (upon the too-good-to-be-true principle of evidence) is that, just as it "flashed" upon his mind that it might be Aristotle, he finds a marble slab, with the very name of the gentleman in question engraved upon it in excellent and ancient Greek: "This is the private and family grave of Aristotle." The discovery is well timed as regards the present popularity of the philosopher, for the five enthusiasts who have read his recently discovered work have just been disappointed in a hoped-for accession of testimony; a sixth gentleman has indeed read the book, but, while highly approving of it, expresses his fixed conviction that Aristotle never wrote it.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen held a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace on May 6, when a large number of ladies had the honour of being presented to her Majesty.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice paid a visit to the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea on May 7. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and the Duke of Clarence, who had previously arrived, received her Majesty, and accompanied her on a tour through the various galleries of the Exhibition. The Queen also witnessed a mimic battle on the lake and the principal attractions in the grounds, and on leaving expressed her gratification at all she had seen. In the evening the Queen and Princess Beatrice returned to Windsor.

The Duchess of Connaught, in the name and on behalf of the Queen, launched the battle-ship *Empress of India*, at Pembroke Dockyard, on May 7. In reply to a municipal address, the Duke of Connaught remarked that the fact of launching so large and powerful a ship there proved the great value of that dockyard to the country and the Navy, while the military importance of the harbour could not be denied.

What has been called a miniature general election is over. The effect is as follows: The original seats—The City, Woodstock, Whitehaven, Stowmarket, Harborough, and South Dorset—were in 1886 held by five Conservatives and one Unionist. They are now held by four Conservatives and two Gladstonians. In Harborough, Mr. Logan, the Gladstonian candidate, had a majority of 489, against a Conservative majority in 1886 of 1138. In Stowmarket, the other Liberal win, Baron Sydney Stern beat Mr. Greene by 214 votes, as against a Conservative victory in 1886 by 543 votes. In South Dorset the Conservative majority of 991 has been reduced by Mr. Pearce Edgecumbe to 40, so that the week's contests are, on the whole, highly favourable to Mr. Gladstone. As a result of all the contests conducted since the General Election, the Unionist majority has been reduced to 72.

The Gladstonians naturally conclude that this is an omen of victory at the next election. This is not quite certain. Only one constituency in every six has been polled, and in some of these the Gladstonians had the advantage of specially good candidates and organisation. Bye-elections are uncertain guides to the general conflict, which depends largely on the momentary popularity of the Government or the Opposition. The effect, however, of the present uncertainty will almost certainly be to postpone the General Election till next year.

Mr. W. H. Smith, who was compelled to resign his seat on his acceptance of the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, was re-elected for the Strand Borough on May 12, without opposition. The same evening the First Lord of the Treasury submitted the motion, of which notice had been given, for the expulsion of Captain Verney, convicted on his own confession of a misdemeanour. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman seconded the motion, which was passed by the House in silence.

No less than seventy members of the House of Commons are suffering from the influenza epidemic, the most notable sufferers of the week being Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Gorst, and Sir John Lubbock.

The Lord Mayor opened the German Exhibition at Earl's Court on May 9. An address was presented by Mr. J. R. Whitley, who introduced Prince Blucher, the grandson of Wellington's coadjutor at Waterloo. The Prince, as President of the Honorary Committee of the Exhibition, thanked the Lord Mayor for his presence, and expressed the hope that the Exhibition might result in a more friendly and cordial intercourse between England and Germany. The Lord Mayor replied, and the proceedings closed with the singing of the English and German National Anthems.

The remains of the late Archbishop of York were interred on Saturday afternoon, May 9, in the graveyard adjoining Peterborough Cathedral. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends and of clergy from the dioceses of York and Peterborough. The Bishops of Durham, Worcester, Carlisle, and Lincoln, Lord Coleridge, the Duke of Abercorn, and Professor Bernard were among the more prominent persons present. Dean Argles read the opening sentences of the Burial Office, and Bishop Thicknesse the lesson. The newly appointed Bishop of Peterborough pronounced the final benediction at the grave.

A congregation of Jews assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday afternoon, May 9, to hear an address upon "the Jewish Question" from the Rev. G. Calthrop, of St. Augustine's, Highbury. The preacher expressed his belief that eventually a great Jewish empire would be founded.

The late Mr. Robson, of Corbridge, bequeathed to his nephew "his old mahogany desk, with the contents thereof." After his death the bureau was found to contain bank-notes and valuable securities, and the question has been raised before Mr. Justice Chitty whether the nephew was entitled to the securities. His Lordship decided in the affirmative.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

The Queen's visit to the Naval Exhibition, on Thursday, May 7, was a gratifying incident. Princess Beatrice accompanied her Majesty, who was met by the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor (Duke of Clarence), and by the Princess of Wales and her daughters Princesses Maud and Victoria. Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. Forwood, Lord Brassey, Admiral Inglefield, Admiral P. H. Colomb, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and others attended to receive her Majesty, who was conducted over the Exhibition by Admiral Sir W. Dowell, chairman of the Executive Committee, with the honorary secretary, Captain Jephson.

The Queen, on her arrival, drove to the miniature lake, and witnessed the mimic naval battle. She left her carriage first at the pavilion of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. Escorted by the Prince of Wales and Sir Thomas Sutherland, her Majesty inspected the contents of this pavilion, and made many inquiries as to the photographs of scenery of the Indian Empire. She touched the button of the model lighthouse used by the Princess of Wales at the opening ceremony, forthwith the Royal Standard was raised at several points, and the electric light appeared in the lighthouse. A little carriage or chair, drawn by one of her Majesty's gillies, was in attendance. The remainder of the tour of the buildings was made by the Queen in this chair. The Camperdown Gallery was visited, and her Majesty was much surprised by seeing the effects of shot and shell on armour. Miniature runs of torpedoes were shown, and a diver gave a representation of the examination of the bottom of a vessel. The Princess of Wales and party were going over the old ship Victory. The Queen had intended to visit it, but was not able to ascend the flight of steps. The Maxim gun, the 110-ton gun, and the Morris tube gun were examined, and, after travelling through the half-section of a modern ship-of-war, with modern guns and fittings, the Queen emerged near the iceberg and the model of the Eddystone lighthouse. She alighted, passing within the iceberg, in order to see the pictures of the Arctic exploration ships nipped in the ice. She also asked many questions about the lighthouse. A move was then made to the relics and the picture galleries. Among the objects particularly noticed were the four swords surrendered at Trafalgar by French commanders, the first letter received by the Admiralty recommending Nelson as a midshipman of the Royal Navy, and a huge wooden head, with a cap of Liberty, taken from a French man-of-war.

The oblong artificial piece of water, fronted by the Armstrong Gallery of Ordnance and the Camperdown Gallery, in the eastern part of the grounds, affords space for the exhibition of mimic naval battles and torpedo manœuvres. Models of two first-class ironclad ships, of different types—namely, H.M.S. Majestic and H.M.S. Edinburgh—were constructed at Portsmouth Dockyard, from the designs and under the superintendence of Captain Percy M. Scott, commanding H.M.S. Excellent, the old ship moored at Spithead and devoted to naval gunnery instruction for many years past. These models are of the same size, 25 ft. long between perpendiculars and 6 ft. broad of beam; their engines are similar, with equal power, but the armaments are totally different. The Majestic is supposed to carry two great 100-ton guns mounted *en barbette*—that is to say, on high platforms without any covering; while the Edinburgh has four 67-ton guns, in two revolving turrets; the auxiliary battery of the Majestic, in the centre of the ship, consists of ten six-inch quick-firing guns, besides machine-guns in one fighting top; that of the Edinburgh is limited to six quick-firing guns, of the same calibre, but she has two mast-tops, armed with machine-guns. Of course, the guns placed in the model ships are of a scale proportionately reduced from all the above dimensions. Neither of the models, in its rig or in its armament, is exactly like the real ships bearing the same name in the existing British fleet; the Majestic hoists a blue flag, and the Edinburgh a red flag, and they are worked, vessels and guns, by internal mechanism, under competent direction. A torpedo-boat, 12 ft. long, occasionally comes into action, and if the manœuvres be sufficiently varied, with apparently new tactics and decisive results on each occasion, they will engage popular attention, no doubt, till the Exhibition is closed. The rehearsal at Whale Island, Portsmouth, a week or two before the models were sent to London, was witnessed by Admiral Sir J. E. Commerell and other naval officers of high rank. A set of photographs then taken by Messrs. West and Sons, of Southsea, form a trustworthy memorial of the performance in those waters, to be often repeated at Chelsea.

LABOUR RIOTS IN HUNGARY.

Austria-Hungary, as well as France, Italy, and Belgium, has witnessed serious disturbances among the labouring classes, apparently not simply due to the agitation for limiting work to eight hours a day. At Oroshaza and at Bekes Csaba, towns of some importance, the population had been exasperated by the failure of a local savings-bank, and deluded by a vulgar rumour that the estates of the great landowners were to be divided among the peasants. It was said that the late Crown Prince Rudolf, instead of having committed suicide, was living in prison, and would escape to head this Socialist Democratic movement. The women had prepared a white silk banner, embroidered in gold, with the motto "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." This was seized by the police, and the rioting began. At Bekes Csaba, on May 3 and May 4, the mob of both sexes confronted the troops in front of the Townhall, pelted them with stones, and the soldiers were obliged to use their rifles and bayonets. The Agricultural Labourers' Unions have been suppressed by law. In Bohemia and Silesia there have been similar disorders among the factory people.

A VISIT TO AN INDIAN NAWAB.

A ride through the hot and dusty streets of the bazaar, with its numerous smells and its dirty but certainly picturesque sights, is the way to the Nawab's house. Arriving and entering the courtyard, I find him attended by his two adopted sons bidding "good morning" to his household army and retainers. He has just left the "zenana," and has not yet dressed; that is, although well covered with rich silk clothing, he is still in negligé. His army consists of a company of infantry, dressed in old English volunteer uniforms, with every description of gun or rifle, except the breech-loader, which is prohibited by law; a ragged troop of lancers, and half a battery, or two guns. The ancestors of these Arab chiefs first entered India as mercenaries, and remained under the Mogul Empire. They accumulated large fortunes, in the course of several centuries, and still retain a kind of feudal power. They always drive out attended by a mounted escort, and keep up a degree of Oriental pomp and show.

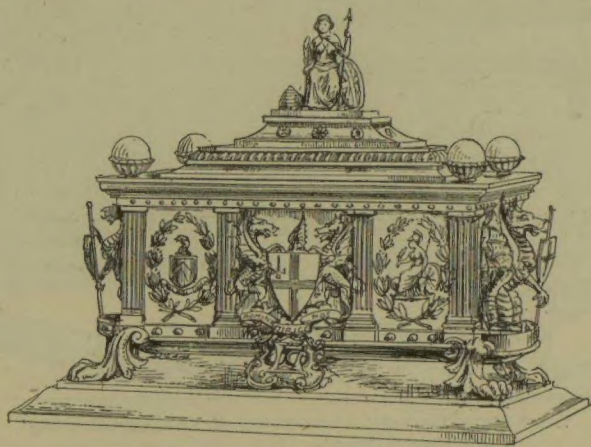
I am invited to breakfast with the Nawab, after a warm

hand-shake and welcome. He takes me into his salon, while the tiffin is being got ready. This salon is more like one of the departments at the London "Stores" or at Whiteley's than a room in a private house. Here are two orchestras, a score of musical-boxes, an upright piano and a concert grand piano, a silver cornet in a case, and a harp. In answer to my question if the Nawab played them all, he answers, "No, I wish I did. I can't play on any instrument; but my visitors might be able to play one or the other." Wax flowers and glass globes, models of ships, a model railway train, photographs, albums, and thousands of other articles, which the Nawab bought during a visit to London; a toy lion that walked and roared, and a little mechanical dog that wagged its tail and head and tumbled over on to the carpet, were found in this heterogeneous collection. A very prominent feature consisted of two show figures, which the Nawab picked up in a White-chapel shop for ready-made clothing for both sexes. He observed that, "With this lady and gentleman my drawing-room never looks lonely; I wish I had bought a few more; I think a general in uniform would have looked well." The floor is covered with a gaudy Brussels carpet, which he thinks far superior to the finest make of Indian carpets. Of Whiteley's establishment he speaks as of a paradise lost, and talks of it with a long sigh. "And such lovely ladies, too! Why have we not one in India?" he muses.

At last, tiffin is announced, and we sit down to a long series of dishes. There are wines, including champagne, of which he too drinks, saying, "When Mohammed forbade wine, champagne was not yet invented; otherwise he would have excepted that." Those who have never been in India do not know what curry is. After a while my host gets up, and, with a simple "I am going to sleep now," gives me a broad hint that all is over. I call for my horse, and return home, likewise for my midday siesta.—AN ARTIST IN INDIA.

GOLD CASKETS FOR MR. LIDDERDALE.

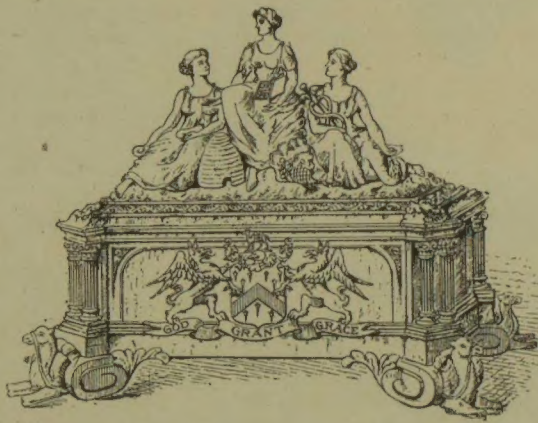
On Wednesday, May 6, in recognition of the signal services rendered by Mr. William Lidderdale as Governor of the Bank of England in the late financial crisis, the freedom of the City



CASKET OF FREEDOM OF CITY OF LONDON.

of London was presented to him at a Court of Common Council held at the Guildhall, in the presence of a distinguished and numerous company. The certificate of freedom was enclosed in a gold casket, specially designed and manufactured by Messrs. P. G. Dodd and Son, of 146, Leadenhall Street. Our illustration shows that the general outlines of the casket—which is 8 in. long, 6 in. high, and 4 in. wide—were suggested by some architectural features of the Bank of England. Its structure is entirely of 18-carat gold, hall-marked, enriched with coloured enamels, and inlaid with panels of precious stone. At the back of the casket, which stands on a plinth of Algerian onyx, is engraved a record of the presentation.

The freedom of the Grocers' Company was presented to Mr. Lidderdale on the same day. The gold casket made for this



CASKET OF FREEDOM OF GROCERS' COMPANY.

purpose bears on the cover an allegorical representation of Plenty assisting Commerce and Enterprise. On the front panel are the arms of the Grocers' Company; on the back panel is the badge of the Bank of England; and on the ends are the crest and monogram of Mr. Lidderdale. The whole is supported by four camels, the crest of the Grocers' Company. This casket was designed and modelled by Mr. Charles Curry, and the certificate was illuminated, in the same style, by Mr. E. Jackman.

AN OFFICER'S LIFE IN BURMAH.

Regimental officers of the British Indian military force in Burmah have no lack of stirring calls on their personal activity. The lives of not a few, to our regret, have been cut off by dastardly foes in ambush, lurking in the forest paths traversed by small detachments of the isolated garrisons, while others, like Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant, have had opportunities of winning sudden renown by exploits of much importance, as in the late actions in Manipur. But the ordinary routine of daily business at a station which remains in quiet for long months is necessarily dull and trivial. Such incidents as those represented in our Sketches—which are really photographs from life, taken by Surgeon A. G. E. Newland—have a mildly humorous aspect; it is the less imposing "circumstance," not the "pomp of glorious war," though one has to dress for parade, attended by the native servants or "boys," and to preserve the smartness of an English military gentleman in spite of the damp and sultry climate. In other photographs which we have not selected for copying, the station barber is seen cutting an officer's hair; and two of our gallant countrymen, who must

be desperately at a loss for amusement, are submitting to the painful process of tattooing curious patterns on the skin of the fore arm, which we hope they will show to their families in England when they come home on furlough. Again, they are seen reclining in camp chairs or couches, with glasses of cooling drink and pipes on the table, yielding to slumber after a vain attempt to read, while the honest bull-terrier, their dumb companion, jealously watches the motions of the silent boy with his palm-leaf fan, an ineffectual antidote to the heated atmosphere of their dwelling. Or the weekly home letter is being written, with many kind thoughts of the friends at home, but with a perplexing want of fresh anecdotes to relate. But it is regimental business, preparing the pay-bills for the month, which demands the lieutenant's industry, aided by a trusty Indian non-commissioned officer, in another scene of station life. The weekly account of house-keeping expenses has also to be settled with "the boy," who serves as cook, we suppose, and purchases food of the neighbouring villagers; he is suspected of cheating his master, and humbly defends the correctness of his account. "I beg your honour's pardon; I very poor man, I not make one pice of profit; I no make swindling business." We should not like to say.

A SIBERIAN COSSACK.

Our Special Artist in Siberia, Mr. Julius Price, was permitted, at Yeniseisk, to make a sketch, from life, of one of the mounted Cossacks of the military police force, who differ from the other Cossacks of the Russian army. The Cossack forces, altogether, throughout the Russian Empire, comprise thirty-two regiments of regular cavalry, 136 squadrons of irregular cavalry, seven battalions of infantry, and twelve batteries of artillery. There are the Don Cossacks, in the southern part of European Russia, north of the Sea of Azov; the Cossacks of the Ural, of the Volga and Orenburg, of Astrakhan, of the Kuban and north-western Caucasus, and those of Siberia, composed of various tribes, more of Turkish, Tartar, and Mongol races than of the Russian, but settled in their own districts, and bound to military service. They are excellent horsemen, riding in their own fashion with a loose rein, high saddle, and short stirrup. In actual field service, the cavalry are armed with lance, sabre, rifle, and pistol; they perform long marches with great celerity, and are useful auxiliary troops.

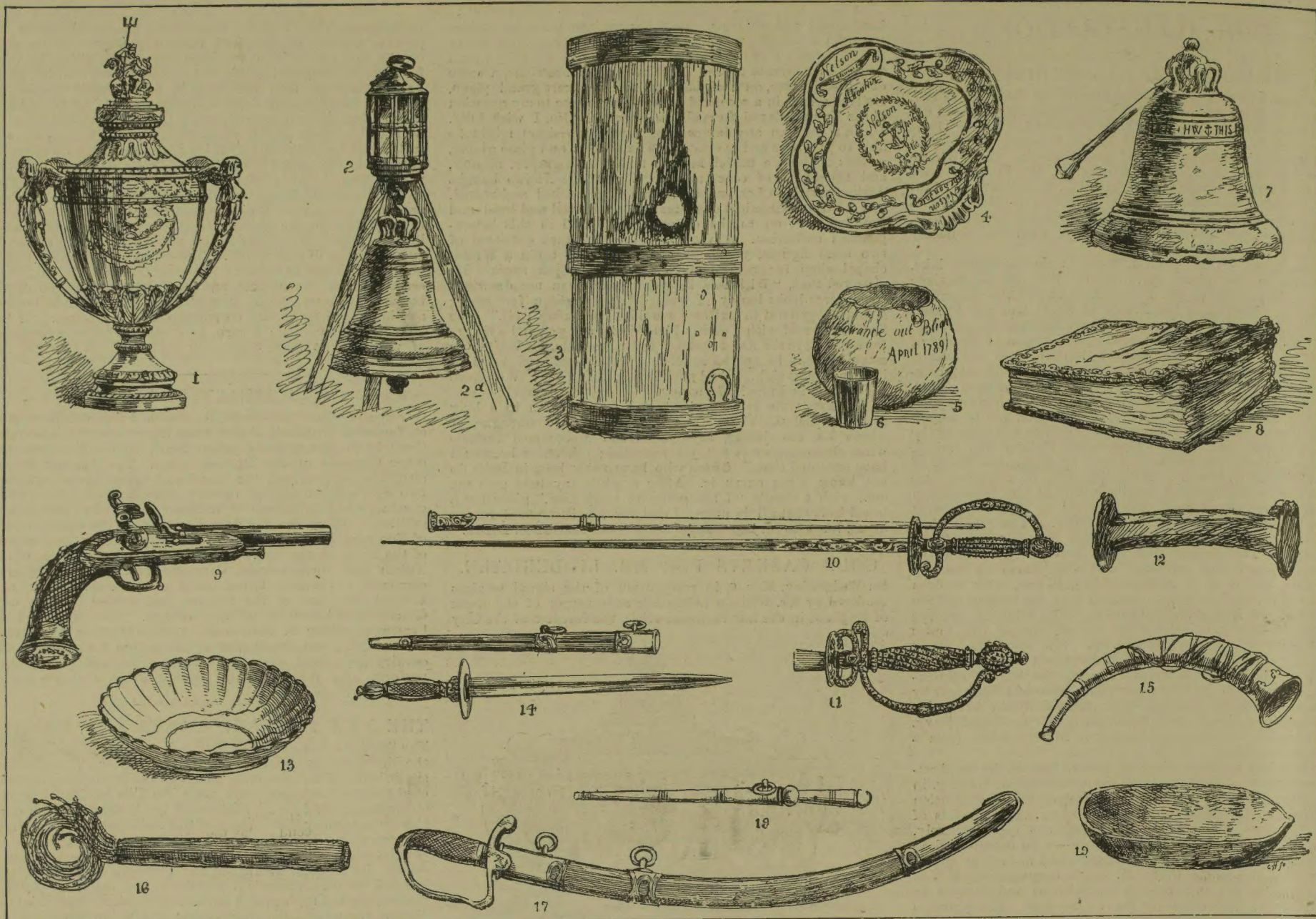
THE NEW ZEALAND LAKES AND FJORDS.

The Southern Island of New Zealand—still occasionally called the Middle Island, though Stewart's Island, which lies farther south, being of no colonial or geographical importance, scarcely ought to be reckoned more than the Isle of Man between Great Britain and Ireland—contains the flourishing communities of Canterbury and Otago, also those of Nelson, Marlborough, Greytown, and Hokitika, in Westland, with an aggregate of population, wealth, and natural resources equal to the North Island. Its physical conditions and scenery are very different. Instead of the volcanic formations, the active or extinct craters, the hot springs and terraces of silicious deposit in the famous region of Lake Rotomahana and Mount Tarawera, the Alpine ranges of the Southern Island, though attaining no summit as lofty as Mont Blanc, exhibit glaciers far larger than such as exist in Switzerland, and scenery nowhere surpassed in its aspects of grandeur, especially around the inland lakes. The west coast also of this island, in a part hitherto unoccupied by colonial settlements, is deeply indented with fjords similar to those of Norway, but affording scenery of its kind unequalled in sublimity, the shores being steep mountain sides clothed with dense primeval forest. A colonial artist, Mr. S. H. Moreton, of Invercargill, Southland, who some years ago visited these places and made numerous sketches, from which he has painted landscape pictures of approved merit, has furnished us with views that justify all the admiration expressed for New Zealand romantic scenery. We can only notice, at a time, one or two of the scenes represented, having on former occasions described several lakes, Wakatipu and Te Anau and Manapouri, and the inlets of Milford Sound. The following is Mr. Moreton's own description of the view of Mount Orlé, from what he calls "Botanist Bay," in the south branch of Lake Te Anau—

"In a small boat we cross the narrowest stretch of water, and skirting along close to the shore, which presents a botanic marvel. Before we reached the western side of the lake the air was surcharged with the perfume of flowering shrubs. As we approached nearer, the eye and mind were ravished with delight by their gorgeous array of colouring. After pulling for two miles along the shore, which generally is bold basaltic rock, we landed and camped. My sketch is the view at our tent-door. The sight I have depicted is not a rare one on this glorious lake. Among the strangely shaped limestone mountains, which seem tossed and pitched into the most fantastic forms, there was the moving mist, creeping from spur to spur, here partly covering, there partly revealing, their wondrous configuration; or hurrying up the ravine, filling recesses beyond every little abutment, and changing the entire mountain side into a multitude of ramifications emerging from the principal mass. Then it was submerged in a strange heaving, swelling flood of light which became subtly decomposed into rich prismatic hues: this grew stronger around us, seeming to penetrate the very rocks at our feet, in the full glory of sunset. All was silent, but the light affected our sense like the tones of a mighty organ, sounding with crescendo force, till we forgot all troubles of mortal life. The light, as it faded, was felt as the sound of such music when it is hushed, and there was no more for us but to stand in awe, grateful for the gift of so much earthly and heavenly beauty."

Of Milford Sound, on the west coast, enclosed by mountains 6000 ft. high, nearly perpendicular in some places, at the edge of the deep water, Mr. Moreton writes as follows—

"Twelve miles inland are two large rivers that empty their waters into the Sound—the Cleddan and the Arthur. Taking the Arthur with our boat, and following its limpid waters about two miles, we land, and, turning round, behold the scene that I have drawn. The Sound here lies to the left of the Peak; to the right we get a glimpse of the Cleddan Valley. It is from the breast of the Barren Peaks that the Bowen Fall leaps from a height of 540 ft., directly into the Sound. The whole of the Arthur River valley is one panorama of wonderful scenery. Here the track starts for the great Sutherland Fall, the height of which has been estimated at 1900 ft., and it proves to be the exit of a small lake, rather less than two miles in diameter, to all appearance exactly circular. Its water, leaving the lake, bounds on with great impetuosity, and completes a leap like the Bowen Fall—that is to say, an upward jump over an abutment of the mountain, causing a beautiful curve of 30 ft., then falling, still contained within vertical walls of stone, to an immense depth; continuing its descent, the water finally leaves its prison of rock and is free. The whole descent from the lake above to the river below is 2450 ft.; it is now declared to be the highest ever-running waterfall as yet known."

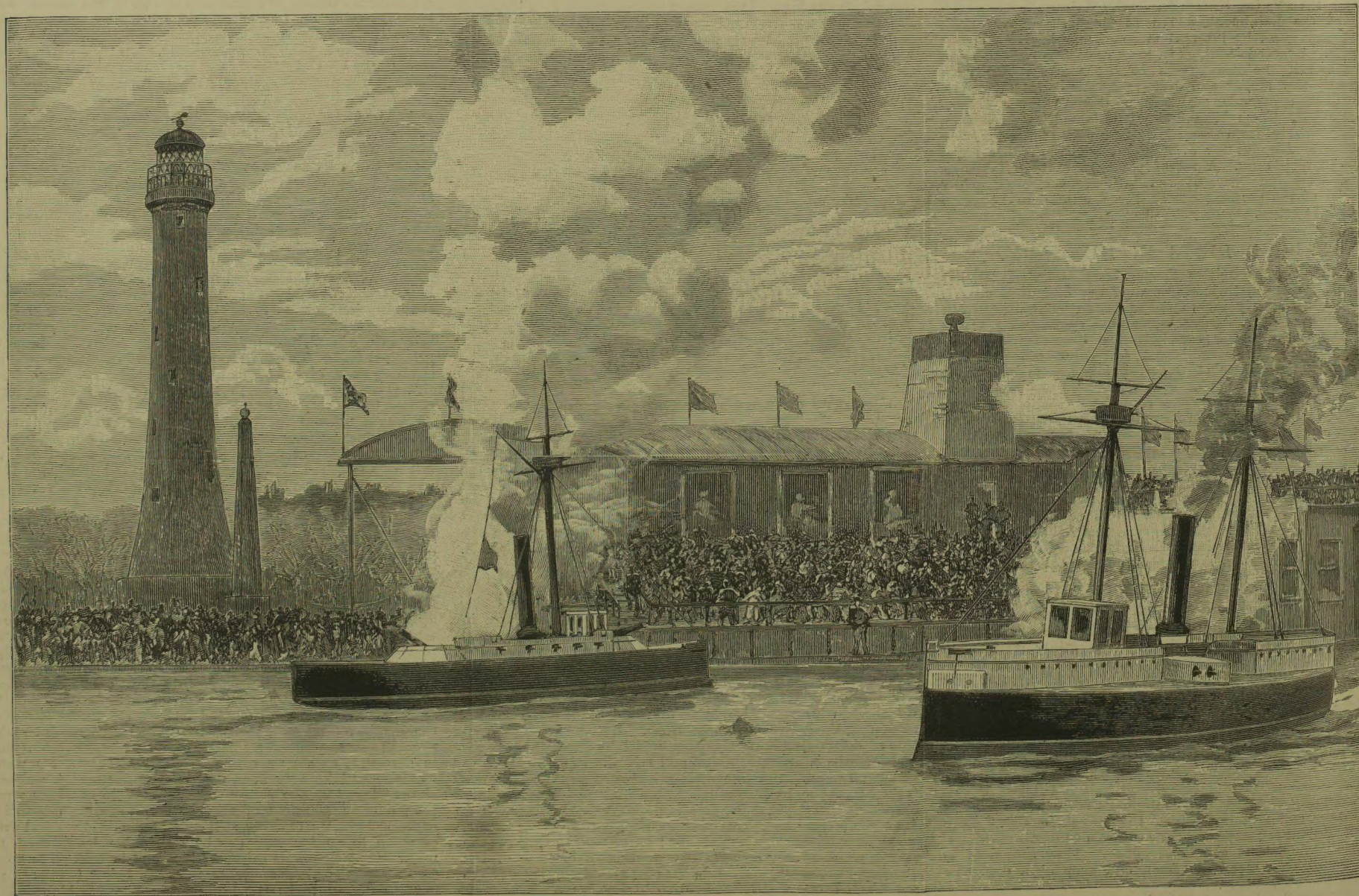


1. Turkish silver cup presented to Lord Nelson by Levant merchants.
2. Stern lantern of the Ville de Paris, flag-ship of Comte de Grasse, captured by Lord Rodney, 1782.
- 2a. Chapel bell of Ville de Paris.
3. Piece of the mast of H.M.S. Victory.
4. Dessert-dish inscribed with names of Nelson's victories.
5. Cocoa-nut from which Captain Bligh was fed during mutiny of H.M.S. Bounty.
6. Horn cup with which Bligh measured water for men in his boat.

7. Bell of the Ark Royal, Lord Howard of Effingham's flag-ship against Spanish Armada.
8. Book damaged by a shot in the Battle of Trafalgar.
9. Silver-mounted pistol (a pair) given by Napoleon I. to Lieutenant Andrew Mott, of H.M.S. Bellerophon, in 1815.
10. Sword presented to Lord Howe by George III., on return of the fleet in 1794.
11. Diamond-hilted sword presented to Nelson by King of Naples.
12. Bar-shot that killed eight men on board H.M.S. Victory at Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805.

13. Saucer used by Nelson on the day of his death.
14. Dirk worn by Captain John Cooke at Trafalgar.
15. Ancient brass horn of Jurats and Commonalty of Folkestone.
16. Cat-o-nine tails, formerly used on board an old man-of-war.
17. Sword carried by Nelson in boarding the San Josef, at Cape St. Vincent, 1797.
18. Silver dress-dirk worn by Nelson.
19. Wooden dish belonging to John Adams, Pitcairn's Island, one of the mutineers of the Bounty.

RELICS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.



MAJESTIC.

EDINBURGH.

NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN MODEL SHIPS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

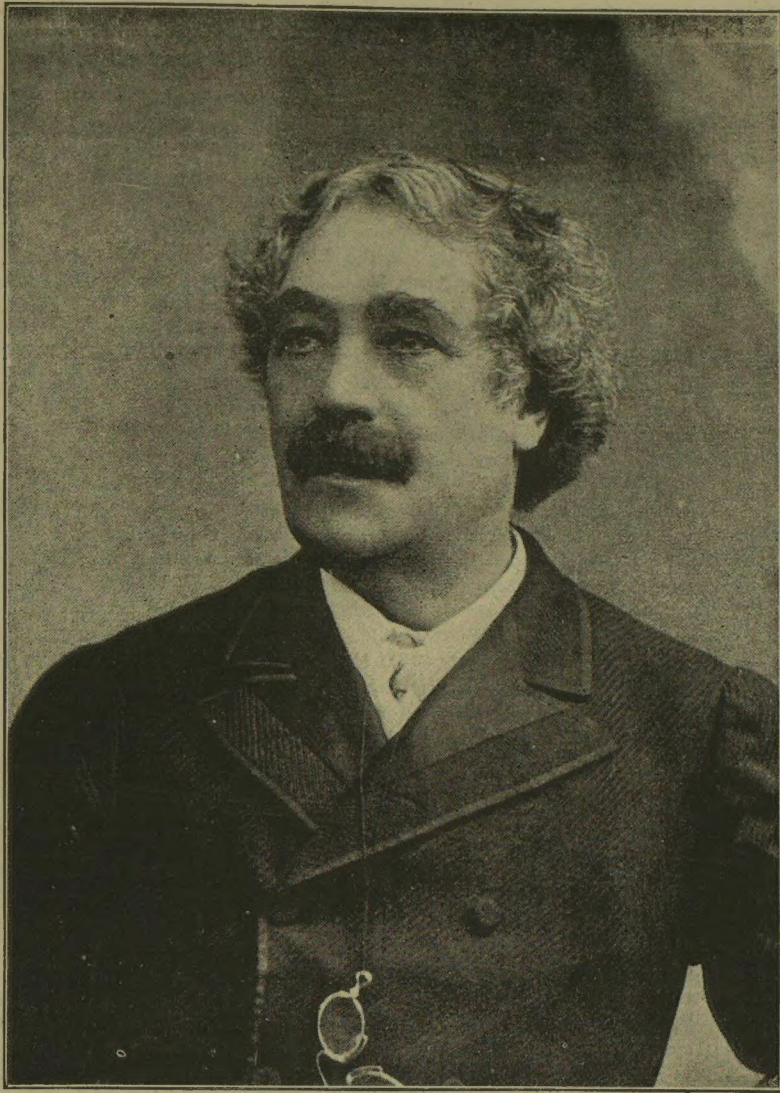
FAREWELL OF MR. SIMS REEVES.

There is always something singularly pathetic in the farewell of a great singer. It is a parting full not of "sweet sorrow" but of infinite sadness. As the familiar tones fall upon the ear for the last time, one seems to be bidding a life-long adieu to an old friend, who departs, to leave behind naught but a recollection—

Music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.

And the singer, what of him? Alas, the consolation of the poet and the painter is not his. He may not retire from the active scene with the consciousness that his works still remain—a proud legacy which shall immortalise his name and awaken admiration among the generations to come. He shares the fate of the actor, for, like him, he must pay the penalty of having received throughout his career that most exquisite of all artistic rewards, the instant and spontaneous applause of delighted multitudes. To few singers, though, is granted the power of deferring the final adieu until a period of life so late as that attained by Sims Reeves. Many a vocalist who began work and won eminence years after he did has long since ceased to labour in the public sphere of musical art; and, if it be a satisfaction thus to have outlived his early colleagues without outliving his own popularity, our famous English tenor has indeed had peculiar cause for gratification. The position he has held in the estimation of his countrymen has been, in its way, unique. For upwards of half a century the name of Sims Reeves has been one to "conjure with." The mere announcement that he would sing has sufficed to fill our largest halls with enthusiastic crowds. He has probably been called upon for more encores—and suffered more discomfort when compelled to refuse them—than any other singer that ever lived. Nor shall I be guilty of an indiscretion if I add that—at any rate during the last twenty years—he has lost quite as much money through inability to fulfil engagements as he has made by those which he has fulfilled.

In his recently published autobiography Mr. Sims Reeves tells us how completely he was cradled in music. Born at Shooter's Hill, Kent, on Oct. 21, 1822, he received his early musical instruction from his father, and was only fourteen when appointed organist of North Cray Church, where he had already sung some time as a choir-boy. Besides the organ and pianoforte, he learned to play the violin, the violoncello, the oboe, and the bassoon, and he also at one time made himself acquainted with the art of engraving music. When his voice matured he determined to adopt the career of an operatic singer, and, as most people are aware, studied and made his debut in the full belief that he was a baritone. It was at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1839 that John Sims Reeves first appeared upon the operatic stage; but it was not until

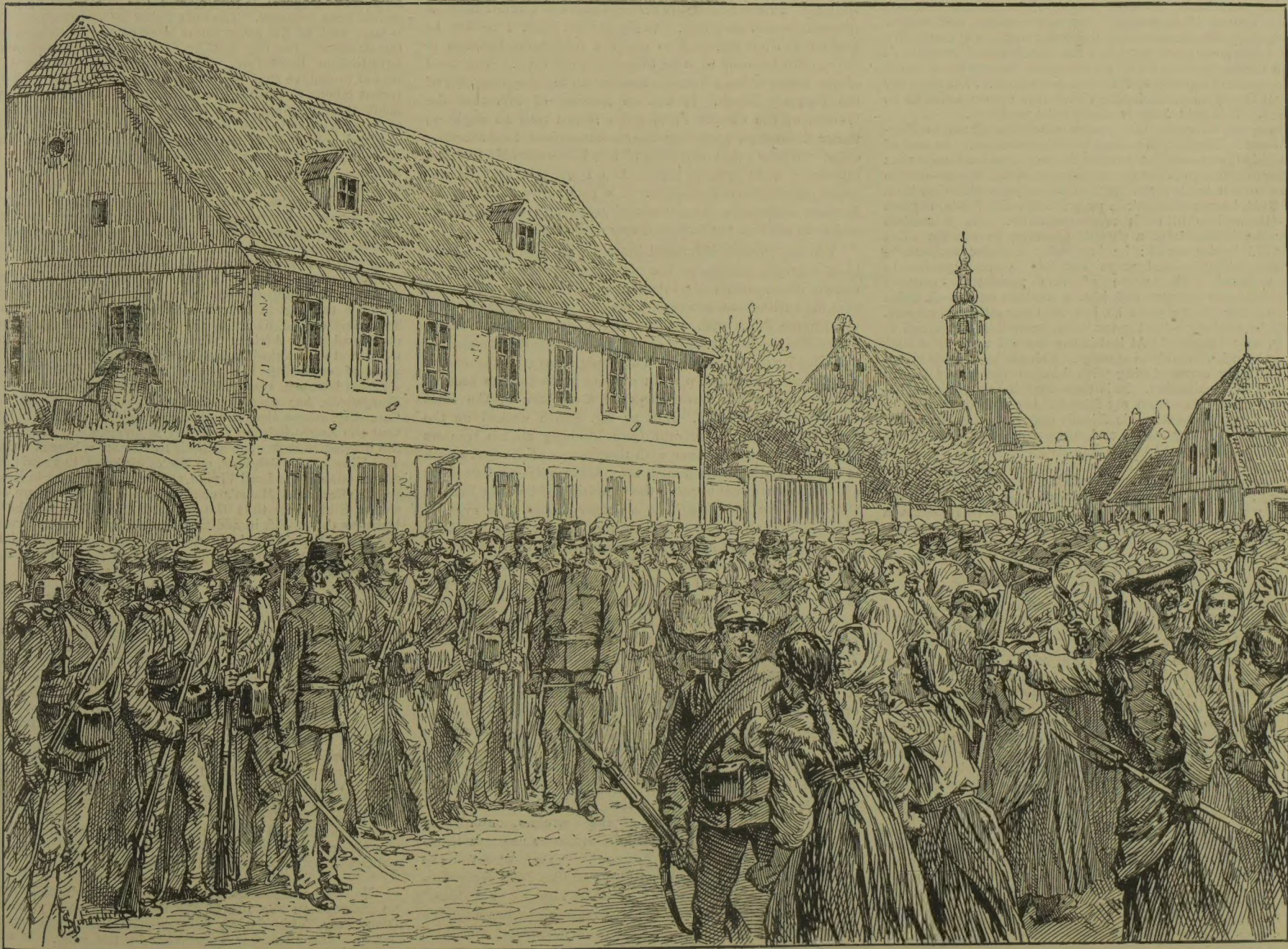


MR. SIMS REEVES.

eight years later, after his return from Italy, that he fairly came out as a tenor, making a brilliant début at Drury Lane Theatre on Dec. 6, as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor." His success was immediate and unqualified, and that admirable critic Hector Berlioz, who officiated as conductor, wrote of the new comer, "he has a charming voice of an

essentially sympathetic character, and is a very good musician." His position as an opera singer being forthwith established, triumphs in oratorio quickly followed. He was engaged for the Norwich Festival of 1848, and there created, by his rendering of "The enemy said," a *furor* that was to be repeated again and again in after years. His delivery of this air at the Handel Festivals of 1857 and succeeding years supplied, indeed, one of the noteworthy features of the gathering. As an oratorio singer Sims Reeves remained for nearly three decades at the head of his profession, while as a ballad singer his success has been unrivalled. A perfect master of the art of phrasing, and possessing a method faultless in every detail, his rendering of any song, from Beethoven's "Adelaide" down to the simplest nautical ditty, has invariably formed a delightful example of the purest style of vocalisation, replete with charm, grace, and true dignified expression.

Mr. Sims Reeves's farewell has taken some time to accomplish. He began it more or less definitely eleven years since. Its final episode was witnessed at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday, May 11, 1891. The *locale*, the assemblage, and the entertainment were then alike fitting. There is no grander sight in its way than our musical Colosseum at Kensington Gore crowded from the broad arena to the topmost gallery; and such a sight it presented on this particular occasion. Rarely, too, can a more representative audience have assembled inside the gigantic auditorium. It comprised every class, every section of English music-lover, from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales down to the humblest and most ardent amateur. Save as to its excessive length, the concert was a model of what a farewell concert should be. It gave the *beneficiaire*, to begin with, opportunity for a comprehensive display of his talents in the various branches wherein he had distinguished himself; and it furnished certain additional features of a nature sufficiently exceptional to enhance the interest of a memorable event. Let me deal with the former first. Mr. Sims Reeves opened with the air from "Samson"—that marvellously touching piece of music, "Total eclipse," and he sang it with a degree of pathos that derived not a little of its depth from the attending circumstances. The second of his four solo items was a new and somewhat commonplace song, "The garden of roses," by A. S. Beaumont, which was scarcely up to the level of the rest. The third was Balfe's ever-green "Come into the garden, Maud," and the fourth the "Bay of Biscay," and here, at any rate, we had two of the singer's most trusted *chevaux de bataille*, both calculated to show him off at his best, and both worthy specimens of the English ballad, of which he had so long been regarded as the greatest living interpreter. The result was easy to foretell—a crescendo of triumphs for the eminent vocalist, and a succession of enthusiastic recalls and



LABOUR RIOTS IN HUNGARY: OUTSIDE THE TOWNHALL AT BEKES CSABA.

ovations, culminating in a climax of genuinely affectionate warmth when the moment ultimately arrived for saying "Adieu." Consistently with the wise policy he has pursued throughout, Mr. Reeves refused to grant a single encore; but, after he had sung his last song and returned to the platform in response to the continued cheering, he came forward, and in a brief sentence or two bade good-bye to the excited audience, and retired evidently overcome by emotion.

Previously to this Mr. Henry Irving had delivered the short but pithy address written for the occasion by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, opening with the lines—

Off have these walls beheld rapt crowds rejoice,
Hushed by the wonders of a matchless voice
Yet matched in this, that 'twas its owner's part
To wed its glory to a glorious art.
Recall the past of platform and of scene,
And learn how vast the artist's range has been,
No depth of passion that he could not plumb,
No pitch of gaiety that found him dumb.

It scarcely need be said that the delivery of the above, in Mr. Irving's most impressive manner, drew forth hearty plaudits, doubly renewed when actor and singer came back together hand in hand.

And now, alas! I have no space left to speak of the triumphant reappearance of Madame Christine Nilsson, whose incomparable voice and characteristic singing, unimpaired by the flight of time, afforded such exquisite pleasure to the thousands who listened and applauded. The famous Swedish artist had come many miles to sing for her former *confrère*. It would have been worth travelling twice as far not to miss hearing her once again in those Schubert *Lieder*, in the "Jewel Song," and in the national Swedish air which she gave as a final *bonne bouche*, not to mention the duet from "Ernani," sung by Madame Nilsson and Mr. Sims Reeves at the close of the first part. There was much besides all this, but I have already trespassed far beyond the limit assigned me.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford Street.

H. K.

A PENNY POET.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

The magnates who draw up annual codes for the conduct of education in our elementary schools have still some work before them. Their curriculum enlarges itself year by year, and the wretched elementary schoolmasters raise their voices to heaven against the relentless tyranny of their oppressors, but all in vain. "What is to be the next thing we are to be called upon to teach?" they ask, and year by year a fresh and an additional answer is given. Is there to be no end to the requirements of my lords? Alas! no! This year it has been drawing from the flat. Sculpture may be expected to follow at no distant date. Plain cookery is now only an *extra* subject. Soon there will be a demand for made-dishes, and then a practical and theoretical knowledge of saucepan-cleaning and frying will be insisted on as an integral part of our curriculum, with an extra grant for mince-pies and mock turtle.

It cannot be long before millinery comes to be insisted on as a compulsory subject, with special lady examiners to decide upon the excellence of frills, *ruches*, and tuckers. But there is a horrible suggestion, which has been made by some progressive visionaries, to the effect that in the eighth standard—and it is absurd to suppose that we shall stop long at seven—the standard of English composition shall be raised to a much higher point than has hitherto been dreamt of, and that it shall include composition not only in prose but also in *verse*!

Oh! the good time coming! Think of the utility of it! No more dull prosaic greetings from Mr. Pears with a blunt inharmonious question as to the soap we have used at our morning ablutions. No more matter-of-fact announcements of the virtues of cocoatina. No more coarse and vulgar catalogue of the ailments that Holloway's pills will cure. We shall have poetry everywhere. The witcheries of verse will charm the savage breasts of all of us, and the music of words will soften the asperities of life at every turn. Let none say that all this is an unattainable vision of a future never to be realised. This golden age is nearer than we know.

There are, it seems, two places called Shipdham in England—one in Norfolk, the other in Somersetshire. At one of these Shipdhams—and we suspect from internal evidence that the Norfolk village is the favoured haunt of the Muses—dwells a heaven-born bard, whose gift of verse is bewildering him. Like Ovid, he cannot speak in prose. Like Dr. Watts, rhymes force themselves into his every utterance. He is restless under the irritation of a chronic yearning to versify. But his world is too small: he longs for a wider audience—a larger public—and scope for his soaring genius to display itself. The name of this nineteenth-century troubadour—or must we call him a modern scald?—is John Ashton. For thirty years he has been perpetrating rhyme. With the modesty of all great men, he will not yet call it poetry, only "rhyme." At last it has dawned upon him that he may turn his faculty to account. Friends have come round him, solemnly expostulating with him on the sin of hiding his light under a bushel. It is time that he should earn his reward. "Save me from my friends," say some, but worthy John Ashton thinks that his friends may save him for better things than singing lonely and unknown. The Laureate is old: Who is to succeed to the Laureate's crown of bays? It only remains for the gifted John to make good his claim. True, he is as yet in a humble station: so was Shakespeare at starting; so was Gerald Massey; so was Robert Burns; and, for all we know, so was Homer. Mr. Ashton is, it seems, a very general dealer, and in his account of himself these are some of his professions—

I sell boilers and bellows, spoons and tea-kettles,
Buy old gold and silver and all sorts of metals,
All things you require both for comfort and ease,
And Morison's pills to prolong life, if you please.
Padlocks for young ladies who think it no trouble
To go to church single and come away double.
I do business on six days, commencing on Mondays;
My goods you may purchase every day except Sundays.

But from henceforth Mr. Ashton aspires to higher things than these. He has started on a new venture, he hopes to live by his gift of "all glorious verse." Therefore, he has made it known to his fellow-countrymen that from this time forward "Thirteen verses of any kind of Rhymes can be had of J. A. at twenty minutes' notice, for one shilling." And all the English-speaking race are hereby invited to take note of the fact. Ye languishing lovers, despair not, your sighs may be turned into sonnets! Ye gushing maidens whose emotions are stifled by your want of rhythmic utterance, here is one who will translate your halting prose into melodious verse! Ye dreamers whose vague visions of the inner meaning of things mock and elude you because of the tameness of the language which alone you have at your command, come quickly, come secretly, come trustfully to J. A., and in twenty minutes, at a cost of one shilling sterling, the inexpressible or unexpressed yearnings and aspirations and throbbings of your great souls will be interpreted for you! Yours will be the sense, but J. A. will clothe it in deathless verse.

Let us all try him. It may even chance that what J. A. sells us for a penny we may sell for a pound. Who knows?

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

This is certainly the most serious Parliamentary crisis within my recollection. It has nothing to do with the fate of a Government. One Ministry is pretty much like another to the discerning eye of time. But the question is, whether anybody will be left presently to carry on the public business. The influenza is even more decimating than the rhetoric of Mr. Seymour Keay. It laid that champion up for several days, and there was an interval of something like sweet reasonableness during his absence. But he has come back more fluent than ever, and I have a grave anxiety lest the epidemic should leave the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, Mr. Keay, and myself to bear the responsibilities of this mighty Empire. I can see the member for Elgin and Nairn rising from the Treasury Bench to speak for ten hours at a stretch. When I described this vision to the Serjeant-at-Arms he wiped the cold sweat from his temples. "We should have to do something desperate," he said, regarding me with a strange expression. "I believe there are cases in which homicide is the last refuge of civilisation." "You don't mean"—I began. "Yes, I do," he interrupted with feverish energy. "Look at me. Do you think that, after what I have endured this Session, I am a man to be trifled with? I know this sword is no use. It would never penetrate his hide. *But the deed might be done with you!*" "With me!" I ejaculated. "Yes," he said in a hurried whisper. "One stout blow with the Mace upon his skull might save the State—that is, if I have enough strength left to wield you in such a righteous cause," he added, glancing at his attenuated frame with pathetic misgiving. "But the Speaker," I said, "would he witness such an act without calling you to order?" "Order or no order," he answered gloomily, "it will have to be done." And then he strode away to the Bar, and fixed a hollow eye on a certain seat below the gangway.

It will be admitted that nothing in the way of a crisis has ever approached this. In a contingency, which draws nearer everyday, I shall have to batter out what may figuratively be called the brains of Mr. Seymour Keay. I can picture the scene with vivid realism. When the task is over, the Serjeant will put me on his shoulder, take the arm of the speechless Speaker, slowly march into Palace Yard, and hail the last hansom spared by the influenza. We shall drive to Trafalgar Square to find the Warden of the Cinque Ports conscientiously completing an energetic canvas of the defunct electors of the Strand. Then a proclamation will be issued to the effect that, a great national duty having been performed by the annihilation of Mr. Seymour Keay, the administration of public affairs will be lodged in the triumvirate of Mr. Smith, the Speaker, and the Serjeant-at-Arms. After that, the work of legislation will be comparatively simple. It is extremely laborious now. Mr. Balfour loses himself in the puzzles of the Land Purchase Bill, simply because the machinery of the House is deranged. How is a Minister who has been accustomed to see the clerks at the table in their wigs and robes to preserve his equilibrium when he beholds a stranger sitting there positively wigless? I have a tolerably strong head, but I admit that the spectacle makes me giddy. As for the Serjeant, I believe he goes out at short intervals to apply a cold-water bandage to the nape of his neck in order to prevent delirium. The head of the stranger has a horrible fascination for the occupants of the Treasury Bench. It was on account of this that the Warden of the Cinque Ports quite forgot that he ought to vacate his seat on accepting the emoluments of that exacting office. "Where's that man's wig?" he whispered to Mr. Goschen repeatedly in an agitated tone. And I am told that he was found one afternoon in the shop of a perruquier in the Strand Division, ordering a large stock of wigs, and requesting the maker to send in the bill to Queen and country.

You see what a disordered state we must be in when this kind of gossip supersedes the exchange of sober ideas which usually distinguishes our intercourse. There was a burst of genuine enthusiasm, however, when Mr. Smith returned from the Cinque Ports with a pleasantly nautical manner and a disposition to say "Yes, my hearty" when answering a question. I think I noticed an expression of sombre envy in the eye of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who, in all the years he has been at the Admiralty, has never acquired a manner in the least suggestive of the ocean. But, as Mr. Smith walked up the floor, he could scarce refrain from hitching up his trousers and bowing to the Speaker with that scrape of the foot which is characteristic of the British tar. Unhappily, his first duty after his return was to move the expulsion of Captain Verney, and this threw the House into a deeper gloom than ever. I was thinking all the time of another member who has been expelled, not from the House of Commons, but from the soil of France. There were good old days when this incident would have stirred the blood of Britons to warlike ardour. But nobody feels at all bellicose because the French authorities have made it plain that they prefer Mr. Cuninghame Graham's room to his company. Mr. Graham is one of the curiosities of the House. He began public life as a humourist, and his first speech produced just the effect of oddity which you would feel if a Vandyke portrait were to step down from the wall and crack Joe Millers. There is quite an air of an old master about Mr. Graham's aspect. He ought to go about in ruffs and a lace collar, and begin a speech with "By my halidame" or "Grámercy." But instead of that Mr. Graham poses as a queer incongruity. With the head of an Elizabethan, he expresses the sentiments of a Belleville artisan. He is a clash of the centuries, a symbol of jarring generations. Two European countries are now interdicted to him—France and Portugal. "Yes," observed the Serjeant-at-Arms, "Graham will soon be like Dick Swiveller, who had every street closed against him by his duns." "True," I assented, "but he can still range about her Majesty's dominions." The Serjeant was pensive for a moment, and then, with a burst of conviction, he exclaimed, "I wish he had never been anything but an ancestral picture."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The German Emperor is an indefatigable traveller and speaker, with whom it is not easy to keep pace. He has recently been flitting about his empire, from Berlin to Düsseldorf, from Düsseldorf to Cologne, from Cologne to Bonn, and from Bonn to Karlsruhe, and Heaven knows where he may be by the time these lines appear in print. The versatility he displays in his speeches is only equalled by the rapidity of his movements. Here he drains his glass to the industries of the Rhine provinces, and wishes that the peace of Europe lay in his hand, in which case he declares he would take good care that it should never again be troubled; there he makes a speech at a convivial meeting of the Borussia corps in praise of the beer-drinking and duelling clubs, and expresses the opinion that a young man cannot do better than join them; for he will get there the best education for his future life—sentiments which, as a matter of course, were cheered to the echo by his Imperial Majesty's heroes; in short, wherever he happens to be, William II. is ready at a moment's notice to make a speech on every conceivable subject, and to astonish Europe with his verbosity.

At the same time it cannot be denied that on several occasions the German Emperor has talked to some purpose. When he took in hand the labour question, he meant at all events to try the experiment of putting his theories into practice, and the result is to be seen in the Trades Law Amendment Act, just passed by the Reichstag, which is to come in force on April 1, 1892. The new Act creates new holidays, regulates Sunday work, provides for the protection of the lives and health of workers, deals with the relations between journeymen and apprentices and their masters, enacts that children under thirteen years of age are not to be employed in factories after April 1, 1894, forbids women to work at night, and stipulates eleven hours as their maximum day's work, and contains other provisions calculated to improve the condition of workers.

The excitement caused in France by the events of Fourmies is gradually subsiding, as far as outward signs go, but they are likely to be the source of considerable trouble in the future. The Chamber of Deputies voted a credit of 50,000 francs for the relief of the families of the victims of the riot, but declined, by an overwhelming majority, to discuss the motions demanding an amnesty for the rioters. On the other hand, the Government has pardoned the men who were imprisoned. In Paris and in Calais demonstrations were held to protest against the "Fourmies Massacre," and the Calais demonstration was headed by two French Socialist deputies, MM. Ferroul and Boudin, and by an English member of Parliament, Mr. Cuninghame Graham, who was promptly expelled from France by order of M. Constans, Minister of the Interior. The expulsion was made under the law of 1849, which enables the Government to conduct to the frontier, as a measure of public order and safety, any foreigner whose presence on French territory may be a cause of disorder, and according to which the person who has been expelled is liable to be imprisoned for six months should he return to France without leave. The French papers have expressed regret that their Government should have been compelled to expel a member of the British House of Commons, but they argue that they have enough trouble with their own Socialist agitators, without being forced to accept the interference of foreign demagogues.

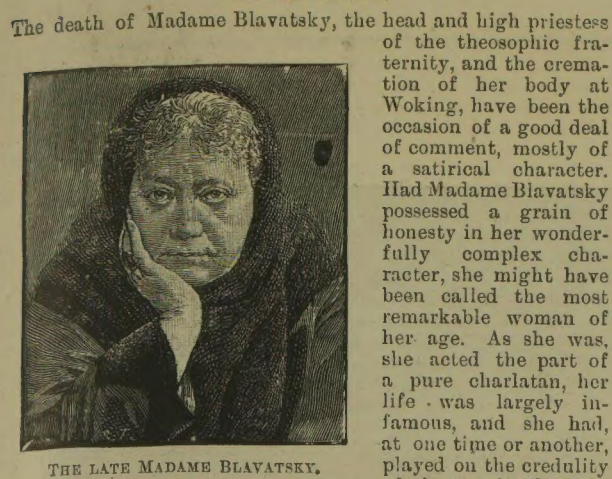
Talking of expulsion reminds us that General Boulanger, whose name has again come prominently before the public during the last few days, and who has decided to take up his abode in Brussels, may possibly see all his plans upset before long. The General, it would seem, has not given up politics, as had been reported. The only thing he has given up, so far, is that part of his programme relating to the revision of the Constitution; for the rest he declares he will continue his agitation as heretofore. As the French Government have reason to believe that the Boulangerists were at the back of the recent labour riots, they have intimated to the Belgian Government their displeasure at seeing General Boulanger in such close proximity to the French frontier, and the General has received a hint from the Belgian authorities that if his presence is likely to cause difficulties he will be requested to leave Belgium.

In the last-named country the strike which began a few days ago has assumed large proportions, for there are now nearly 100,000 colliers out of work. The strike, which is practically general in all coal-mining districts, will last, it is said, so long as the revision of the Constitution has not been granted, from which it will be seen that the labour agitation in Belgium has a political character, a feature happily missing in labour movements in other countries. The visit of the King of the Belgians to London is purely connected with African affairs. It appears that the formation of the Anglo-Belgian Katanga Company, for the purpose of exploring the region known as M'siri's Country, situated between the Congo Free State and Lakes Moero and Bangweolo, has greatly offended the British South Africa Company, whose directors have complained to Lord Salisbury that the Anglo-Belgian Company is trespassing on what they are pleased to look upon as their legitimate sphere of influence. The King of the Belgians, on the other hand, has made strong representations to Lord Vivian, the British Minister in Brussels, to the effect that M'siri's country is within the sphere of the Congo State, and that the South Africa Company have no business there. If, in addition to this, it is remembered that the Congo Free State is in need of capital to develop its own resources, there is enough in these two facts to account for and explain King Leopold's visit to England.

For a long time it has been the proud boast of the United States that they had no need of a foreign policy, that their geographical position made them independent of the whole world, that they could snap their finger at all the other nations, and that America, like Italy, could "do by itself." All this seems to have been changed, for at the present moment there is not a European State with neighbours on all sides having more, or even so many, international questions to deal with. With Italy there is the New Orleans lynching affair; with England the Behring Sea Fisheries dispute; with Chile the Etata incident, involving an intricate problem of neutrality; with Canada, Newfoundland, and Spain commercial negotiations; with China the immigration question—so that the Foreign Secretary of the United States Government, who at one time enjoyed almost a sinecure, is now about the busiest man in the Ministry. Are the United States going to give up the Monroe doctrine, and become an important factor in the politics of both the New and the Old World?

No little sensation has been caused throughout Europe by an attempt on the life of the Czarewitch at a place called Otsu, near Tokio, during his Imperial Highness's travels in Japan. The Prince was wounded in the head. It will be difficult to persuade the Russian people that the act was meaningless, though seemingly the work of a native fanatic.

PERSONAL.



THE LATE MADAME BLAVATSKY.

every civilised country in the world. She had been everywhere—in India, in Egypt, in far-away Tibet, in the States, in every European capital. She kept a gambling hell in Tiflis. She was married more than once—more than twice, says rumour—to a boy of sixteen when she was fifty, to a general of sixty when she was seventeen. In both cases the union was dissolved with mysterious swiftness—in the case of her boy husband by an attack of madness the day after the marriage. She ran away from General Blavatsky a few days after the ceremony, and from that period, as the Russian law allows no divorce, led the life of a Bohemian.

Her life in India supplied the mystic side to her career, which she developed with such amazing cleverness. She visited Tibet, and there picked up and adopted, with extraordinary impudence, fertility of invention, and knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature, the leading ideas of esoteric Buddhism. She conceived the notion of being herself the interpreter of the new creed, the only privileged communicant between the "masters of life" and ordinary mankind. Her doings in India, however, were not purely concerned with topsy-turvy mysticism. She was thought to be an agent of Russian diplomacy, and was believed to have been expelled from Madras on that ground. In this country she was certainly on terms of intimacy with Madame de Novikoff, and other political personages of the same character.

It was, however, on the side of her personal fascination that Madame Blavatsky was most remarkable. Her so-called miracles in India were thoroughly exposed by Mr. Hodgson, but she continued some smaller wonders—such as the manufacture of five-pound notes (by way of stimulating the flow of those of orthodox make), the dispatch of mysterious letters by a kind of Mahatma post, and the divining of sealed communications, which were opened by her by the simple process of steaming the envelopes with hot water. She was supported by the fraternity first in a large house in Holland Park, and afterwards at Mrs. Besant's home in Avenue Road, where she induced some young Theosophists to build a hall for the due performance of the rites of the cult and the spread of theosophic principles. She had a face not easily forgotten, and especially remarkable for the large grey and brilliant eyes, and was undoubtedly a powerful mesmerist. She was an inveterate smoker of cigarettes, and had by her side a large box of Turkish tobacco, which she emptied with surprising quickness. She talked a *patois* of surprising brilliancy, the material being, as a rule, a farrago of nonsense, veiled under an affectation of scholarship, mystical insight, and helped out of course by real knowledge of the world in which she had played so chameleon a part. A large number of her disciples found her out, and broke away in terror and disgust; but others, including Mrs. Besant, remained faithful to the last. Madame Blavatsky was the recipient of a large number of gifts from her admirers, and her means of livelihood was completely supplied by them. Our Portrait is from a photograph by Resta, of Coburg Place, Bayswater.

"He hath made a name which is better than riches" was



MR. EDMUND JOYNSON.

one of the mottoes which decorated the village of St. Mary Cray on the occasion of its recent May Day festival; and the judgment of Mr. Edmund Joynson's workpeople would, no doubt, receive some measure of commendation from Mr. Ruskin. The sage of Coniston would almost forget the existence of paper making machines, could he see the five or six hundred employes of the Joynson paper-mills—principally girls—engaged in maypole dances, the crowning of the May Queen, and other experiences which indicate, indeed, a thoroughly wholesome revival of well-nigh obsolete country festivities. The Joynson paper-mills have been in existence for over half a century, and some of the employes have a record of service extending for nearly that length of time.

The Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, who succeeds the Earl of Lathom as Deputy Grand Master of English Freemasons, is a most popular man both in London and in the West Country, where he possesses estates in Devonshire and Cornwall. Lord Mount-Edgcumbe has filled many offices. He has been Lord Chamberlain, and is still Lord Steward, was Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, A.D.C. to the Queen, and a colonel of a Devonshire Volunteer Corps. He represented Plymouth in Parliament before he succeeded to the title. Mount Edgcumbe, the old family seat of the Edgcumbe family, is, perhaps, the loveliest in all the lovely West Country. With its fine Elizabethan mansion and splendid gardens and park, it occupies the whole of the peninsula between Hamoaze and Plymouth Sound, and covers an extent of ground more than three miles in circumference. The gardens and park are almost unrivalled, and the manner in which they impress a stranger cannot be better described than in the quaint and almost forgotten lines penned by David Garrick after a visit there—

This mount all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses,
'Tis the haunt of the muses, the mount of Parnassus;
Fame lies, 'tis not Stratford—this, this is the spot
Where Genius on Nature our Shakespeare begot!
This only the birthplace of Shakespeare could be,
Whose wonders can e'en make a poet of me.

It is now many years since the Laureate gave utterance to his famous protest against any inconsiderate or irreverent treatment of bards. But even more vexatious yet to the poet's soul than "shallow wit" must be the real discomfort of "a fitting" from a familiar and well-loved domicile. It is said that Mr. Coventry Patmore is considerably disturbed by the prospect of quitting the Manor House, at Hastings, of which he has for so long been the tenant. This hard necessity arises, it would seem, from the recent decision of the owner to take up residence therein. The author of "The Angel in the House" has been the donor of no inconsiderable sum towards the erection of a Roman Catholic church in his near neighbourhood.

The difference between the Rothschilds and Baron Hirsch, which has had not a little to do with the recent movements in Russian finance, arose out of the contract for the Transylvanian railways, which was jointly initiated by the two houses. The Rothschilds withdrew, and the contract was then triumphantly carried through by a combination of Baron Hirsch and his friends, naturally to the chagrin of the great banking firm. The affair was the foundation of Baron Hirsch's immense fortune, which amounts to between twenty and twenty-five million sterling. The Baron is a large holder of French Rentes. He is a very large donor to charities, his private benefactions amounting to about a quarter of a million sterling in the year. He is personally a good-natured man, of great talent, but caring little either for display or for social distinction.

There has just passed away the author of proportional representation, a political idea which had the high impress of J. S. Mill's authority, and which twenty or thirty years ago was a subject of universal discussion. This was Mr. Thomas Hare, or "minority Hare." Mr. Hare outlived the fame of his notion, which was decisively rejected by the House of Commons in 1884, and has since enjoyed a fast-waning popularity, in spite of the advocacy of men like Mr. Leonard Courtney. He survived himself, a hale octogenarian, living in a pleasant home on Chelsea Embankment. He had an impressive presence and a convincing style, but, though he worked at his idea with wonderful intellectual consistence, it never rose much beyond the status of a fad. He married, a second time, a sister of Archbishop Benson, and his daughter is well known as Mrs. Westlake.

The death, on May 9, of Mr. George Derbyshire, who has



THE LATE MR. GEORGE DERBYSHIRE.

filled for the past forty years the post of inspector of the London Bankers' Clearing House, removes a notable figure from City life. Mr. Derbyshire was appointed to the post of inspector in 1852, and to him is due the honour of having brought about the most important of all the alterations in the transactions of clearing business—the paying of balances by transfer on the Bank of England. The importance of this can easily be recognised when it is remembered that in 1839, when the average daily transactions of the house were only 3½ millions of pounds, about £213,100 worth of bank-notes was required to settle up balances. At the present time the daily totals are often fifty, sixty, or even ninety millions of pounds. In 1839 the total for the year was £954,000,000; in 1890 it was over £7,000,000,000. The plan was originally proposed by Mr. Babbage, but then opposed by the majority of bankers. Mr. Derbyshire was in his seventieth year, having been born in 1822. He was educated at Lewisham, and entered the London and County Bank in 1842. He was buried at Long Ditton on May 14.

The *Athenæum* records the death of Professor Constantine Paparrhigopoulos, the most considerable Greek historian of our day, at Athens on April 26, at the age of seventy-six. He was born at Constantinople in 1815, and as the Turks cut off the heads of his father and some other relatives he quitted Turkey, and was educated at the Lycée Richelieu at Odessa. After the recognition of Greek independence he entered the civil service of the new kingdom. Since 1851 he had been Professor of History at the University of Athens. He published a number of historical monographs, which he collected in two volumes of "Historical Essays" in 1853 and 1890.

THE REV. DR. LUARD: IN MEMORIAM.

BY DR. JESSOPP.

Henry Richards Luard, D.D., who was laid in his grave on May 6, closed his career very fittingly at Cambridge, where he had spent more than forty-seven years of his life almost without a break. A year my senior, I got to know him in my first term, and even in those days we were drawn together by some community of tastes. I believe that we were both greatly under the influence of Dr. Maitland's genius, and that the "Essays on the Dark Ages" led us both into a line of study which has been to me one of the great joys of my life, while in Dr. Luard's case it has ended in raising for him an enduring monument. As a master of the monastic history of England from the Conquest onwards, Dr. Luard stood quite alone. His edition of Bartholomew Cotton's "Chronicle," which appeared in 1859, was not faultless; but the characteristic of his work was that it was always inspiring even to the last. The "Annales Monastici," the "Chronica Majora" of Matthew Paris, and the "Flores Historiarum," issued last year, form together a priceless series, which no historian of "Middle England" can afford to be without; while the letters of Bishop Grosseteste, which appeared in 1861, are a no less solid and fascinating contribution to our knowledge of the times. Dr. Luard became Registrar of the University of Cambridge in 1861, and in his new office he showed himself as thorough and enthusiastic as he was in everything that he put his hand to. Incomparably exact and minute, with a passion for accuracy, and resenting as a fraud any slurring over of work that presented itself as done, Dr. Luard was at times a vehement and severe critic, whom superficial people were rather afraid of, and accused of harshness and intolerance. They who knew him well knew him as a man of almost feminine tenderness, of unbounded generosity, grateful for any recognition, and offering his immense stores of recondite erudition to anyone and everyone who applied to him for counsel or information. I should feel it quite impossible to say how much I owe to him, how many blunders he has saved me from, how often he has kept me from going astray, how freely and joyously he has been my helper and adviser. There can be very few men now alive who can owe so much to Dr. Luard as I do—none who will feel his loss more acutely or who will find it so impossible to supply the place which he filled.

THE TYRANNY OF COMMONPLACE.

In tropical regions, where it seldom rains, and the thermometer is noted for its equanimity, what on earth do people find to talk about? Or suppose some atmospheric revolution, some *Quatre-vingt-treize* in physics, were to transform our climate, and establish uniformity among the elements, what would become of the conversation of most of the inhabitants of these islands? For a good while, no doubt, they would talk of nothing but the remarkable change. Gentlemen accustomed to tap the barometer every day would probably go on tapping it by force of habit, and mention the circumstance that it never stirred as a theme of agreeable novelty. I dare say it would take a generation to kill off these marvels of versatility. Then a considerable time would have to be allowed for the extinction of people who express surprise when it is windy in March, or carry in their heads an arithmetical table of the showers on an April day, or enliven a railway journey with such an exchange of ideas as this: "How cold it is this afternoon!" "Yes, but not so cold as it was this morning (or yesterday, or last week)." "Do you really think so? Well, I said to a friend only this morning that I thought it was quite warm for this time of year." "Indeed! But my great-aunt, who is ninety, and remembers distinctly how cold it has been every year at this time for quite eighty years, assured me that this morning was the coldest morning she could recollect." As for the man who responds to an alarm about rain by telling you that "the country needs it very much," I suppose that eternity itself could not cure him.

But how should we get on without the weather as a topic of conversation? Something would have to be done to replenish the fund of small-talk. If this could not be accomplished gradually, if people of English speech were suddenly deprived of the theme which makes them sociable beings, they would be paralysed, and a dumb horror would reign throughout the land. It would be quite vain for Jones, who has great conversational powers, and Smith, whose wit is much appreciated by those who understand it, to throw themselves into the breach, and endeavour to keep society together until a new commonplace had been established for universal use. Jones would endeavour to disseminate information and stimulate ideas. He would descend upon the latest discovery in science, the current sensation in theology, the new novel, the most popular actress, at a moment's notice, and in any company: but what comfort would this be to people who all their lives had been accustomed to open a conversation with a remark about the temperature? They could not stand the shock, and Jones would probably run the risk of being regarded as positively indecent. Besides, the weather is a point of etiquette. If you observe to a perfect stranger on the top of an omnibus that it is a fine day, he may absolve you from the necessity of an introduction. But if you plunge without any such prelude into a comment on the state of Europe or the philosophy of music-hall songs, the stranger may treat you with as much *hauteur* as the cubic space of the knifeboard permits.

There is one class of the community which might enjoy a happy freedom from the shackles of this convention, and perform wonders in the circulation of ideas. When a man sits down to be shaved, he resigns his individuality, and passes under the dominion of another. There is something in the act of throwing back his head, and in the contact with the chair, which suspends his will, and makes him a passive receptacle. The barber who stands over him, razor in hand, might often hypnotise him without difficulty. His senses are lulled by the process of lathering, and he is peacefully indifferent to the lapse of time and the convulsions of the universe. If the barber talks, he must listen. A movement of impatience might mean disfigurement for life. What an opportunity for the operator in the apron to start new trains of thought, and disestablish old commonplaces! As a rule, the conversation of barbers is not stimulating. They do not appreciate their opportunities. I have sometimes wondered that the work of proselytising has not been entrusted to these practitioners, for, if you think of it, a word in season might be dropped with remarkable effect just when the steel is passing gently over the jugular vein. Many a man might be converted to any dogma at such a moment. That is an extreme illustration of the passivity of the mind when one is being shaved, but it is curious how subdued and even deferential one is disposed to feel when under the barber's hands. I listened the other day to an intelligent young man who described a visit to some gasworks. He was quite familiar with the process of making gas, and I knew nothing about it. He told me how the candle-power of a burner was measured, and how a dial indicated at once whether the pressure of the gas in any part of the works was above or below the normal standard. It was all very interesting, and I was so completely subjugated that the only comment I could make was that the smell of gas must have been rather unpleasant, whereupon I was politely informed that gas does not escape in the works, but is sealed up in chambers. It is only the harmless and irresponsible acids that make an odour. Possibly this idea might have come to me of its own accord in any other circumstances, but, when you are being shaved, it does not strike you that an escape of gas in a gas-factory would be fatal as well as ludicrous.

The moral of this anecdote is, as you will at once observe, that the barber is the one person in our artificial society who need not talk about the weather. As a matter of fact, he does, as a rule, with painful elaboration. But if he were taught to interest himself in other things—to visit gasworks as a part of his duty; to send a current of new ideas through your head when he is shampooing it or brushing it with machinery—the tyranny of the weather might be cast down and the horizon of small-talk enormously enlarged. Considering what a public boon this would be, the State might even make special provision for the education of barbers, for then you might, on entering the shop, choose your barber by a placard announcing that he excelled in scientific gossip, or philosophical chat, or well-selected anecdote, or sporting news. It would be good for business too, for how much better disposed you would be to purchase unguents for the hair which you never use, if you had been entertained or enlightened as you sat receptive in the barber's chair! And think of the expanding intelligence of the young man about town under the influence of such a system! Without being put to the trouble of reading, for which he feels a very natural dislike, he might acquire a fund of agreeable and varied facts which would greatly enhance his personal charm. Moreover, elderly gentlemen might be weaned from the colloquial traditions of early life, while the effect upon country visitors to town would be incalculable. I commend this suggestion especially to the London School Board and the friends of technical education, who will see at once the importance of preparing boys for a peculiarly ennobling career.

L. F. A.

A general lock-out in the building trade in London is threatened, the master builders having decided that, unless the firms whose carpenters and joiners have struck are able to obtain sufficient men to do their work by May 23, they will close all shops and works against carpenters and joiners.



A VISIT TO AN INDIAN NAWAB.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"The Samaritan is still on board, my dear young lady, with a character in essentials unchanged."

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

I MAKE FREE.

"There's a hopportunity lost, Mr. Tregarthen," exclaimed Abraham, looking at the receding steamer; "not that me and Jacob ain't satisfied, but there's no'er a doubt that wessel 'ud ha' taken you and the lady, if so be as Capt'n Bunting had asted her."

"We are kept here against our will," said I. "What the man means to do I don't know, but what he *can* do I now see. Unless I can get those black fellows to back the topsail and put us aboard the next ship when she comes along, here we must stop until it is the captain's pleasure to release us."

"But what does he want along of ye?" inquired Abraham, in a low, hoarse voice, with a glance at the open skylight.

I looked at Helga, and then said bluntly—for I had some dim hope of this boatman and his mate being able to help us, and the plain truth must therefore be given to them: "The long and short of it is, Abraham, the captain greatly admires Miss Nielsen—he has fallen in love with her, in short—and so you have it."

Helga looked and listened without any air of embarrassment, as though the reference were of general instead of individual interest.

"But he hain't fallen in love with *you*, Sir? Why do he want to keep ye both, then? Couldn't he have sent *you* aboard?"

"You astonish me!" I cried. "Do you suppose I would leave this lady alone in the vessel?"

"Why, pr'aps not," he answered; "but still, 'tain't as if *you* was a lady, one of her own sex, as was hacting companion to her. Oi don't mean to say that one man's as good as another; but I don't see no call for *you* to keep all on in this here wessel."

"What am I to understand you to mean?" cried I. "That Miss Nielsen is to be left without a protector in the company of a fellow like Captain Bunting?"

"But if he's willing to be her protector, Sir, ain't it all right?" he inquired.

"Has not your head been turned?" said Helga, warmly, with a flushed face.

He looked stupidly from one to the other of us with a slow gaze and a mind labouring to master the difficulty he could not understand.

"Sorry if I've said anything to offend ye, Miss," said he; "this here capt'n's an honourable man, Oi allow, and he's evidently on the lookout for a wife. All I says is, what's the good of his keeping Mr. Tregarthen away from his home when he's willing to take his place?"

"But he must not take his place!" exclaimed Helga, with glowing eyes, in which I looked to see a tear presently. "I would drown myself if I were to be left here alone!"

A slow smile animated the leathern countenance of Abraham:

"Then, Mum, asking your pardon, all Oi can say is, Mr. Tregarthen should ha' put it differently. Where there's wan there's no call for tew, and there being wan already, then, of course, it's the capt'n's duty to send ye both home as soon as he can."

"If Captain Bunting persists," said I, not choosing to follow the line of Abraham's reasoning, "what is my remedy? You Deal boatmen have the reputation of knowing the law pretty well. First, has he the right to carry us with him against our wishes?"

"There's never much question of right along with sea captains," he answered. "My 'sperience is that what the master of a wessel chooses to do he *will* do, and the rights of it somehow seems to come out of his doing of it."

"But have we no remedy?" said I.

"Ask yourself the question!" he answered. "Where's the remedy to be found?" and here he sent his eyes roaming over the sea and up aloft and along the decks.

"Of all Job's comforters!" I exclaimed.

"If I was you," he continued, apparently not understanding my remark, and sending another cautious look at the open skylight, with a further subduing of his voice, "what Oi'd do is this: Oi'd just enjoy myself at this 'ere gemman's expense, eat his wittles and drink his rum—and I'm bound to say this, that a better drop o' rum than he keeps in that there locker of his isn't to be met with afloat or ashore—I say Oi'd drink and eat at his expense, and keep my spirits as joyful as circumstances might permit, but taking care to let him know every day, oy, and p'raps twice a day—say at breakfast and at supper—that the lady and me wants to get home; and this Oi'd dew till we got to port, and then Oi'd bring an action agin him and sail home on the damages, with a few pound to the good."

He had barely ceased when he turned sharply round and marched aft, and as he did so the captain mounted the poop ladder, exclaiming—

"What very enjoyable weather, to be sure! Mr. Jones informs me that the message was duly noted. Now, Miss Nielsen, we may take it that our friend Mr. Tregarthen's mind is perfectly at ease."

It was four o'clock when the steamer passed, and, half an hour later, she was out of sight, so rapid was the combined pace of the vessels. Her name was large upon her stern board and we chosen to read it, but the mate was too busy with his board and I with my temper to note the letters, and Helga did not think of doing so, and thus it was that the steamer passed away and none of us knew more about her than that she was a Cape Union mail-liner bound to England with now a message, meant for my mother, on board.

The captain hung about us, and was all blandness, courtesy,

and admiration when he addressed Helga or directed his eyes at her. On his first joining us she said quickly, pointing to the steamer that was still in sight—

"Why have you suffered us to lose that opportunity?"

"Mr. Tregarthen's and your company," he answered, "makes me so happy that I cannot bear to part with you yet!"

Her little nostrils enlarged, her blue eyes glittered, her breast quickly rose and fell.

"You called yourself a Samaritan yesterday!" she exclaimed, with all the scorn her tender soul was capable of, and her pensive, pretty face could express. "Is this the way in which Samaritans usually behave?"

He viewed her as though she were a picture that cannot be held in a new position without disclosing a fresh grace.

"You are too good and kind to be cruel," said he, regarding her with deepening admiration, as it seemed to me. "The Samaritan played his part fairly well yesterday, I believe?" He blandly bowed to her with a countenance of exquisite self-complacency. "He is still on board, my dear young lady, with a character in essentials unchanged, merely enlarged." Here he spread his fingers upon his breast, and expanded his waistcoat, looking at her in a very knowing sort of way, with his head on one side. "Now that we have sent our message home, there is no hurry. Our little cruise," he exclaimed, pointing over the bow, "is almost entirely tropical, and there is no reason at all why we should not find it delightful!"

I caught Helga's eye, and exhorted her by a glance to keep silent. She fixed her gaze upon the deck, with a lip lightly curled by disgust, and I stepped aft under a pretence to look at the compass, with so much more contempt and anger than I could hold between my teeth that I dared not speak, for fear I should say a very great deal too much.

The breeze slackened as the sun sank, and at supper, as the captain persisted in calling the last meal, the ocean fell calm and the old broad-bowed barque rolled sleepily, but with much creaking of her rheumatic bones, upon a long-drawn polished swell flowing out of the north-east. Her canvas beat the masts and fetched reports out of the tall spars that penetrated the little cuddy like discharges of musketry.

For a long while the captain gave Helga and me no opportunity for a quiet talk. At table he was more effusive than he had yet been, distressingly importunate in his attentions to the girl, to whom he would address himself in tones of lover-like coaxing if she happened to say no to his entreaties to her to drink a little wine, to try a slice of ham, and the like. He begged that we should both make ourselves thoroughly at home; his coloured cook, he said, was not a first-rate hand, but if Miss Helga ever had a fancy she need but name it and it would go very hard with the cook if he failed to humour her.

"We are not a yacht," said he, pulling a whisker and looking around, "but, most fortunately, gaudy mirrors and handsome carpets and the ginger-bread ornamentations of the pleasure craft need never form any portion of human happiness at sea. The sun looks as brightly down upon the Light of the World as upon the most stately ship afloat, the ocean breeze will taste as sweetly over my bulwark-rails as on the bridge of the gallantest man-of-war that flies the crimson cross"; and thus he went on vapouring as usual in fathoms of commonplace, yet with a bland underlying insistence always upon our being his guests, upon our remaining with him and being happy, as though, indeed, we had cheerfully consented to stop, and were looking forward with great enjoyment to the voyage.

I was as cold and distant as I could well be, answered him in monosyllables, ate as if with aversion from the food before which, nevertheless, I constrained myself to devour merely to keep body and soul together. But he did not seem to heed my manner in the least; I could swear, indeed, that he did not observe it. He was wholly engrossed in contemplation of Helga, and in the enjoyment of enlarging his waistcoat, and delivering more or less through his nose, with a fixed smile and somewhat leering eye, the dull, trivial, insipid contents of his mind.

He asked the girl to play draughts with him, when Punmeamooty had cleared the table. On her declining, he fetched from his cabin the volume of Jeremy Taylor—it was that divine's "Holy Living and Dying," I think—and asked permission to read a few pages aloud. She could not refuse, and I see that extraordinary shipmaster now, standing under the lamp, holding the portly volume up with both hands, smiling upon the page, pausing at intervals to look over the top of the book at the girl with a nod to serve as a point of admiration, and reading nasally in a voice without the faintest inflection, so that at a little distance his delivery must have sounded like a continuous groan. He then begged her to read to him.

"What greater treat could we have," said he, looking at me, "than to hear the rich, noble, impressive words of this great Bishop pronounced by the charming lips of Miss Helga Nielsen?"

But she curtly refused; and, after hovering about her for another half-hour, during which I would notice a growing air in him that was a distinct intimation, in its way, of his entire satisfaction at the progress he was making, he withdrew to his cabin.

Helga looked at me with weariness and dismay, and moistened her lips.

"This is worse than the raft," said I.

"It is so bad," she exclaimed, "that I feel persuaded it cannot last."

"Let us go on deck. If we linger here he may rejoin us. How tragical it all is one may know by the humour of it."

We went softly to the companion-steps, and I recollect that I looked over my shoulder to see if he was following us—than which I can recall no better proof of my perfect recognition of our helplessness.

The new moon had followed the sun, and the planet would not be showing by night for two or three days; but in the south, and over our mastheads, the sky was richly spangled with stars, which burnt in one or two dyes of glory, and very sharply, whence, from recollection of a like sight at home, I supposed that hard weather was at hand. There was some little lightning, of a delicate shade of violet, in the north-east, which, indeed, would have been no noticeable thing down in this part of the world but for the mountainous heaping of cloud it revealed, a black sullen mass stretching along the sea-line in that quarter, and putting a hue as of ink into the dusk which swept in glittering obscurity the shadow of it. There was a great deal of greenish fire in the sea, and it broadened and shrank in wide spaces in the lift of the noiseless running swell as though the rays of a tinted lantern were cast upon the water. The dew was plentiful, and lay along the rails and upon the skylight, crisp as frost in the starshine.

It was Abraham's watch, and I spied his figure flitting cumbrously in the neighbourhood of the wheel, at which stood the shape of some coloured man, motionless as though carved in ebony, faintly touched by the sheen of the binnacle lamp. I was in no humour to converse with the boatman. His stupid talk that afternoon in response to my questions had vexed me, and I was still angry with the fool, as I chose to think him, spite of the claims he had upon my kindness and gratitude.

I put Helga's hand under my arm, and we quietly patrolled the deck to leeward. Our conversation wholly concerned our position—it would only tease you to repeat it. There was nothing to suggest, no plan to propose; for think, advise, scheme as we might, it could only come to this; that if the captain declined to part with us, then, unless the men took our side and insisted on putting us aboard a passing ship, we must stop. But if the crew took our side, it would be mutiny with them; and bewilderingly disagreeable as our situation was, preposterously and ridiculously wretched as it was, yet assuredly it was not to be mended by a revolt among those dusky skins forward.

Yet the fancy of stirring up the Malays to befriend us was in my mind as I walked with the girl.

"God forbid," said I, "that I should have a hand in it; yet, for all that, I believe it is to be done. I had a short talk with Nakier to-day, and there was that in his questions and his manner which persuades me that the train is ready, and nothing wanting but the spark."

"A mutiny is a terrible thing at sea," said she; "and what would men like the crew of this ship stop at?"

"Ay, nothing more terrible, Helga. But are we to be carried to the Cape?"

"The captain has no intention of putting into Santa Cruz," said she.

"That we may be sure of. But does the fellow intend that you shall pass week after week with no other apparel than what you stand up in?"

I was interrupted by Abraham sending a hurricane shout into the blackness forward for some hands to clew up the fore and main royals, and for others to lay aft and haul down the gaff-topsail.

"It's a-going to blow to-night, Mr. Tregarthen," he called across to me.

"Yes; and you may see where it is coming from, too," I replied, not knowing till then that he had observed us.

In a few moments the silence that had hung upon the vessel, with nothing to disturb it but an occasional sob of water and the beating of canvas hollowing into the masts to the roll of the fabric, was broken by the strange howling noises raised by the coloured seamen as they hauled upon the gear.

"Get them sails furl'd, my lads!" bawled Abraham; "and the rest of ye lay aft and take this 'ere mizzen off her."

"It is wonderful that the fellows should understand the man," said I.

"There's the captain!" exclaimed Helga, instantly halting, and then recoiling in a way that dragged me a pace back with her.

He rose through the companion-hatch, his outline vaguely

visible in the dim radiance sifting through the cabin skylight. Abraham addressed him.

"Quite right, Wise, very wise of you, Wise!" he exclaimed. "There is a marked fall in the barometer, and I perceive lightning in the north-east, with a deal of rugged cloud down there." His shadowy form stepped to the binnacle, into which he peered a moment. "I think, Wise," said he—and, to use a Paddyism, I could see the man's fixed and singular smile in the oiliness of his accents—"that you cannot do better than go forward and rouse up all hands. I can rely best upon my crew when the weather is quiet."

Abraham trudged forward, and a minute later I heard him thumping heavily on the fore hatch, topping the blows with a boatswain's hoarse roar of "All hands shorten sail!"

"The captain's politeness," I said, "will end in making that Deal boatman sit at his feet."

"He is afraid of his crew, perhaps," answered Helga, "and is behaving so as to make sure that the two men will stand by him should difficulties come."

"It was a bad blow that sunk the fellows' lugger, Helga. We might have sighted that steamer of to-day and be now homeward bound at the rate of fourteen knots an hour."

"And it is all my fault!" she cried, in tones impassioned by regret and temper. "But for me, Hugh!"

I silenced her by taking her hand as it lay in my arm and pressing it. She drew closer to me, with a movement caressing but wistful too, though finely and tenderly simple.

I did not doubt that the captain perceived us; nevertheless, he hung near the wheel, never coming farther forward than the companion-hatch, while we kept at the other end of the little poop, where the shadow of the port-wing of mainsail lay heavy.

Shortly after Abraham had summoned the men, the decks were alive with sliding and gliding shapes, and the stillness of the ocean night was clamorous with parrot-like cries. The lightning had ceased, but the darkness was fast deepening, and overhead the stars were beginning to languish in the projected dimness of the growing mass of cloud that, now that there was no play of violet fire upon it, was indistinguishable in its own dumb, brooding obscurity.

"Whatever is to come will happen on a sudden," said I.

We neither of us cared to keep the deck now that the captain had arrived, and descending the ladder we entered the cabin. Under other conditions I should have been willing, and indeed anxious, to assist the crew, but now I was resolved not to touch a rope, to maintain and present as sullen a front as I could contrive, to hold apart with Helga, to mark my resentment by my behaviour, and so, perhaps—but God knows I had no hope of it—to intimidate the fellow into releasing us by obliging him to understand that he had already gone a very great deal too far. There was much noise on deck; Mr. Jones was bawling from the fore-castle, and Abraham from the waist, and the songs of the Malays might easily have passed for the cries of people writhing in pain. Apparently the captain was alarmed by the indications of the glass and the look of the weather in the north-east, and was denuding his little ship as speedily as might be. His own voice began to sound now, and, though it was perfectly distinguishable, there was nothing nasal, bland, or greasy about it. On the contrary, his roars seemed to proceed from a pair of honest sea-lungs, as though what was nautical in him had been worked up by the appearance of the weather, and was proving too strong for the soapy exterior of his habitual manner.

"He can be natural when he forgets himself," said I.

"It is quite possible that he swears at times," said Helga.

"One touch of nature in the fellow would make me feel almost comfortable," I exclaimed.

"He is not a true sailor; he never could be natural for any length of time," said Helga.

The pattering of the naked feet of the crew was like the noise of a shower of rain. Helga seemed to be able to follow what was being done, as though she were on deck directing the crew.

"They have furl'd this sail—they are reefing that sail—now they are hauling down such and such a jib—now they are stowing the mainsail," she would say, giving the canvas its proper names, and looking at me with a little smile in her liquid blue eyes, as though the interest in the sailors' work made her forget our troubles.

"Be as nautical as you like with me," said I. "I love to hear you pronounce the strange, uncouth language of the sea; but guard your lips before the captain. The more sailorly you are, the more he will admire you."

"What would make him hate me?" she exclaimed, with the light of the smile going out of her eyes, and her white brow contracting. "How is he to be sickened, Hugh?"

"Oh! what can you do, Helga? What can a pretty girl do that will not heighten the passion of a man who has fallen in love with her?"

"Call me pretty if you will," said she, with a maidenly droop of her eyelids; "but do not speak of me as a girl with whom anybody has fallen in love."

"By George!" said I, starting and heaving a long sigh, with a look at the clock, the hands of which were now at nine, "the road to Kolding gets longer and longer. But we shall measure it—we shall measure it yet, Helga!" I quickly added, heartily grieved by the sorrow that entered her face.

"What a strange dream has all this time been!" she half murmured, pressing her eyes. "My father stood by my side last night, I felt his kiss—oh, Hugh! it was colder than the salt water outside." She uttered an exclamation in Danish, with a little passionate shake of the head.

"I hope you are quite comfortable below," exclaimed a much too familiar voice, and looking up I spied the long whiskers and smiling countenance of Captain Bunting framed in the open casement of the skylight.

Helga rallied as if to a shock, and stiffened into marble, motionless and with a hardening of her countenance that I should have thought impossible to the gentle, ingenuous prettiness of her face.

"I fear," he continued, talking through the skylight, "that we are in for some nasty weather; but my barque is stripped and nearly ready for the affray. I am grieved not to be able to join you, Miss Nielsen. It is necessary that I should remain on deck. You are partaking of no refreshment. I will send Punmeamooty to you. Pray give him your orders."

His whiskers floated out into the obscurity like two puffs of smoke, and he called, but in genteel accents, for Helga was now listening, and he knew it, to Abraham to send Punmeamooty "to wait upon his guests in the cabin." A moment after his whiskers reappeared.

"I have to beg, Miss Nielsen, that you will consider yourself mistress here. And before you withdraw to rest—and, whatever may happen, pray slumber securely, for I shall be watching the ship—may I entreat you to occupy Mr. Jones's berth, which you will find so very much more airy and comfortable than the dark, confined steerage?"

"I am quite satisfied with my accommodation, thank you," she answered, without looking up.

He youthfully wagged his head in reproach of what his

manner seemed to consider no more than an enchanting girlish capriciousness, and adding, "Well, I entreat you both to make yourselves thoroughly at home," he disappeared.

Punmeamooty arrived. He entered soundlessly as a spirit, and with the gliding movements that one could imagine of a phantom. I said to Helga—

"Abraham's philosophy shall be mine. My temper shall not prevent me from using our friend's larder. You asked just now what will sicken him. Let us eat and drink him up! Punmeamooty, when is the gale going to burst?"

"It will not be long, Sah," he answered, showing his teeth.

"Put the best supper you can upon the table. Have you nothing better than rum to drink?"

"Dere is wine, Sah."

"Yes, and very poor wine too. Have you no brandy?"

"Yes, Sah, de capt'n hab some choice brandy for sickness."

"Put a bottle of it on the table, Punmeamooty, and be quick, like a good fellow as you are, to serve the food before this sweet little ship begins to kick up her heels."

He showed his teeth again, with a glance at the skylight, following it on with a short-lived look of deep interest at Helga, then slipped away.

With wonderful nimbleness he had spread the cloth, and put ham, salt beef, biscuit, and such things upon the table.

"Now draw that cork!" said I.

The pop of it brought the whiskers to the open skylight as if by magic.

"Quite right, quite right!" exclaimed the captain. "I hope, Miss Helga, that this repast is of your ordering? What have you there, Punmeamooty?" he suddenly cried, with excitement. "That is brandy, I believe?"

"I ordered it!" I called out in a sullen voice.

"You will handle it tenderly, if you please," said he, with a trifle of asperity in his speech. "It is a fine cordial brandy, and I have but three bottles of it."

I returned no answer, and he vanished.

"Upon my word, I believe Abraham is right, after all!" said I, with a laugh. "Now, Helga, to punish him, if the road to his sensibility lie through ham and beef!"

She feigned to eat merely to please me, as I could see. Though I was not very hungry, I made a great business of sharpening my knife, and fell to the beef and ham with every appearance of avidity, not doubting that we should be furtively surveyed from time to time by the captain, who could peep at us unseen without trouble as he passed the skylight, and who could very well overhear the clatter of dishes, the sharpening of my knife, and my calls to the steward, so silent did the night continue, as though there rested some great hush of expectancy upon the ocean.

I filled a bumper of brandy-and-water, and exclaimed in a loud voice—

"Here's to our speedy release, Helga! But if that is not to happen, then here's to the safest and swiftest passage this crazy old bucket is capable of making! And here's to proceedings hereafter to be taken!"

The coloured steward stood looking on with a grin of wonder.

"Capital brandy, this, Punmeamooty," I sang out in accents that might have been heard upon the fore-castle. "Another drop, if you please! Thank you! I will help myself."

A mere drop it was, for I had had enough; but I took care by my posture to persuade an eye surveying me from above that I was not sparing the bottle.

"You may clear away, Punmeamooty; and if you can find a cigar I shall feel obliged by your bringing it to me."

"Well, and how are we getting on?" exclaimed the captain, bending his head into the skylight.

"We have supped, thank you," I answered haughtily and coldly. "Punmeamooty, a cigar, if you please!"

The captain's head vanished.

"Me no sabbee where capt'n him keep his cigar," said Punmeamooty.

"Ransack his cabin!" said I, loudly.

The fellow shook his head, but there was enjoyment in his grin with an expression of elation in his eyes that borrowed a quality of fierceness from the singularly keen gleam which irradiated their dusky depths. I was about to speak, when Helga raised her hand.

"Hark!" she cried.

I bent my ear, and caught a sound resembling the low moan of surf heard at a distance.

"More than a capful of wind goes to the making of that noise," said I.

A bright flash of lightning dazzled upon the skylight and eclipsed the cabin-lamp with its blinding bluish glare. A small shock of thunder followed. I heard the captain cry out an order; the next minute the skylight was hastily closed and a tarpaulin thrown over it.

"Bring me my oilskins, Punmeamooty!" shouted the captain down the companion-way. The man ran on deck with the things.

"Can that be rain?" cried Helga.

Rain it was, indeed! a very avalanche of wet charged with immense hailstones. The roar of the smoking discharge upon the planks was absolutely deafening. It lasted about a couple of minutes, then ceased with startling suddenness, and you heard nothing but the surf-like moaning that had now gathered a deeper and a more thrilling note, mingled with the wild sound of sobbing in the scuppers and a melancholy hissing of wet as the water on the quarterdeck splashed from side to side to the light rolling of the barque. Yet fully another five minutes passed in quiet, while the growling of the thunder of the still distant storm-swept sea waxed fiercer and fiercer. It was as though one stood at the mouth of a tunnel and listened to the growing rattling and rumbling of a long train of goods wagons approaching in tow of a panting locomotive.

Then in a breath the wind smote the barque, and down she leaned to it. So amazingly violent was the angle, I do most truthfully believe that for the space of some twenty or thirty seconds the barque lay completely on her beam ends, as much so as if she were bilged high and dry upon a shoal, and there was a dreadful noise of water pouring in upon her deck from over the submerged lee main-deck rail.

Helga was to windward, and the table supported her, but the chair upon which I was seated broke away with me, and I fell sprawling upon my back amid a whole raffle of the contents of the table, which Punmeamooty had not yet removed. The full mess of it came headlong about me with a mighty smash; the beef, the ham, the bottle of brandy now shivered into a thousand pieces, the jam pots, the biscuits, the knives and forks—all these things I lay in the midst of, and such was the heel of the deck that I could not stir a limb. Helga shrieked. I cried out, "I am not hurt; I'll rise when I can." Someone was hoarsely bawling from the poop; but, whatever the meaning of the yell might have been, it was immediately followed by a loud report resembling the blast of a twenty-four-pounder gun. "There goes a sail!" I shouted. The vessel found life on being relieved of the canvas, whatever

it was; there was a gradual recovery of her hull, and presently she was on a level keel, driving smoothly as a sleigh over a level plain of snow, but with such an infernal bellowing and hooting and ear-piercing whistling of wind accompanying her that there is nothing I can imagine to liken it to.

I waited awhile, and then, bidding Helga stay where she was, went on to the quarterdeck; but all betwixt the rails was of a pitch darkness, with a sort of hoariness in the blackness on either hand outside, rising from the foam, of which the ocean was now one vast field. I mounted the poop-ladder, but was blinded in a moment by the violence of the wind, that was full of wet, and was glad to regain the cabin; for I could be of no use, and there was no question to be asked nor answer to be caught at such a time.

(To be continued.)

LIEUTENANT F. W. H. COX.

It was mentioned last week, in relating the brief and decisive



LIEUTENANT F. W. H. COX,
WOUNDED IN ACTION IN MANIPUR.

action of the British and Indian troops under General Graham, in the expedition to Manipur, that in the fighting near Pallel, on April 25, four English officers were wounded—viz., Captain F. M. Drury, 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas; Captain P. M. Carnegie, 2nd Battalion 4th Goorkhas; Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant, 12th Madras Infantry (new Burmese Regiment), severely in the neck; Lieutenant F. W. H. Cox, 12th Madras Infantry (Burmese), severely in the shoulder. Lieutenant Grant was already famous as the hero of Thobal. Lieutenant Cox, his brother officer, is eldest son of Major-General F. E. Cox, late of the Royal Engineers, and grandson of Captain S. F. Cox, of the 1st Life Guards, who was wounded at Waterloo. Lieutenant Cox, having passed through the Royal Military College, joined the 1st Battalion of the Oxfordshire Regiment in 1884, and served with it at Quetta and elsewhere in India. In 1887 he joined the 15th Madras Infantry, and served with it in Burmah, receiving the medal and clasp. In 1889 he was selected for the 12th Burmah Infantry, and has organised and commanded the mounted men of that regiment.

ECCLIESIASTICAL NOTES.

The various obituary notices of Archbishop Magee—copious as some of them have been—hardly give a true image of the brilliant prelate. There was something caustic about him—a tang of bitterness—which came from the slowness of his early promotion. The Octagon Chapel, Bath, and Quebec Chapel, London, were poor rewards for a man of his powers; and it was with natural disappointment that he betook himself again to Ireland. In Peterborough he made his reputation, but there were drawbacks. Between the Dean of Peterborough (now Bishop of Worcester) and himself there was not perfect sympathy; the heavy business of the restoration of the cathedral came on; and the palace was so unhealthy that for long he had to live elsewhere. It is touching that his last sermon in Peterborough Cathedral was the last he ever preached. Happily it was reported in full, and will by-and-by be given to the public.

The Archbishop was notoriously averse to reporters, and condemned reports of his sermons as inaccurate. The truth is, so much was due to the great oratorical power with which the sermons were delivered that the discourses in print were very disappointing.

Chronicle some weeks ago the fact that Dr. H. R. Luard, of Cambridge, was the writer of the brilliant articles on Rome and Italy in the *Church Quarterly*. I little thought that I should so soon have to announce his death. Dr. Luard was Vicar of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, and Senior Fellow of Trinity. Personally he was well known and much beloved. But his claim to distinction is the important part he took in the series of "Chronicles and Memorials of England during the Middle Ages," published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. All his work is not faultless: part of it was very severely criticised by a Dublin scholar, an episode which caused intense pain, and which I do not wish further to revive. But the merits of the whole are substantial.

I understand that Bishop Barry, in his Bampton Lecture, proposes to deal with the somewhat tedious but perennial theme "The Relations between Religion and Science"—a characteristic choice.

New portraits have been hung in Christ Church Hall, Oxford, of Dr. Pusey and of Dr. Liddon—the former the work of the elder Richmond, the latter of Professor Herkomer. The portrait of Liddon is considered specially good. It hangs on the left hand of the fireplace, by the portrait of Locke.

The Rev. J. R. Harmer, formerly private secretary and chaplain to the late Bishop Lightfoot, by whom he was greatly beloved and trusted, is engaged at present in editing the papers of the Bishop. He has been appointed librarian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The late librarian, Mr. S. S. Lewis, has, it is said, left the college the handsome sum of £40,000.

Mr. A. W. W. Dale, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, son of Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, is at the head of the band of Cambridge men who are supporting the new Congregational settlement at Walworth, which is to be known as Browning Hall, in memory of the great poet. Mr. Browning was baptised at the chapel in York Street, Walworth, which will be the centre of the mission, and was a worshipper there for many years. Mrs. Browning, before her marriage, attended a Congregational chapel in Paddington.

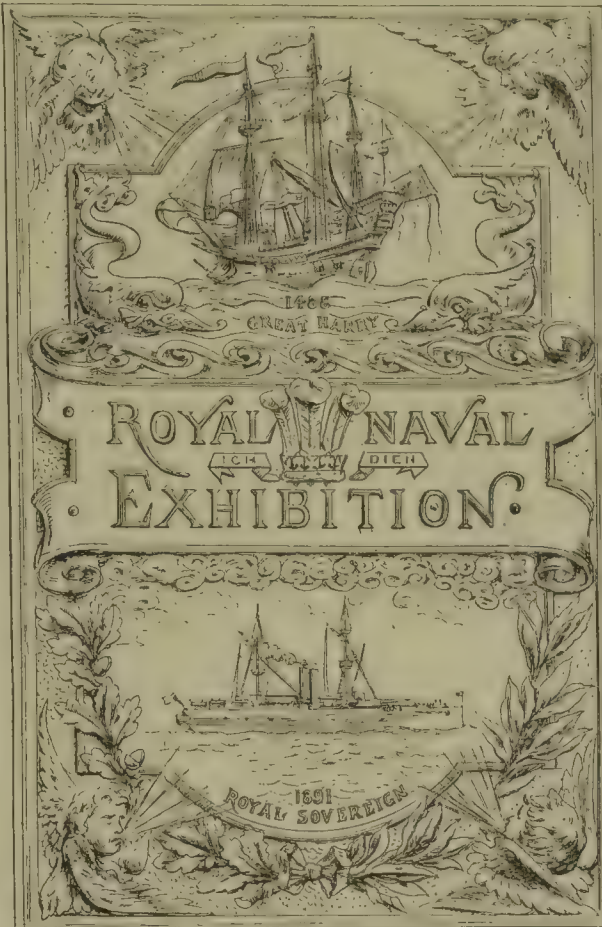
Dr. A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, the eminent Hebraist, has just completed a commentary on that difficult book Ezekiel.

The newly consecrated Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Randall Davidson) is seriously unwell. His illness, though not of an alarming nature, is likely to be protracted, and he will, for some weeks at least, be confined to bed. All his public engagements for the next three months have to be cancelled, and arrangements will at once be made for conducting the business of the diocese. The Bishop is able to attend to a limited amount of necessary correspondence.

Influenza has played considerable havoc with the speakers and the preachers at the May Meetings, and threatens much more. For the first time on record, the preacher of the Baptist Missionary Society's sermon failed to appear, but he had been able to provide a satisfactory substitute.

THE NAVAL EXHIBITION CATALOGUE.

At the opening of the Royal Naval Exhibition on Saturday, May 2, Mr. Frank Griffith had the honour of presenting to the Prince of Wales a splendidly decorated copy, bound in a cover of real gold, artistically embossed, of the official catalogue, prepared by Messrs. W. P. Griffith and Sons (Limited), of Prujean Square, Old Bailey, Government printers, the sole official printers and advertisement contractors for the Exhibition. The design on the cover, of which we give an illustration, is appropriate and symbolical of the history of the

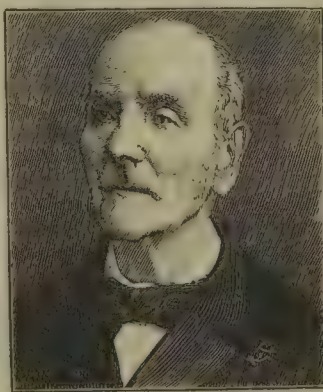


COVER OF THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION CATALOGUE.

British Navy. In the upper and lower corners are celestial figures, all head and wings, blowing contrary winds over our narrow seas. The most famous of our ancient ships, the Great Harry, built in 1488, with mythical dolphins sporting on the waves around, is contrasted with the latest of the ships successively named Royal Sovereign, recently constructed at Portsmouth, and floated out of dock on Feb. 26 this year, in the presence of her Majesty the Queen. The Prince of Wales's motto and feathers appear in the centre of the design, which is further adorned with wreaths and scrolls.

A FRENCH TRAFALGAR VETERAN.

Though we Englishmen are all fond of the memory of Nelson,



LOUIS ANDRE MANUEL CARTIGNY,
A FRENCH TRAFALGAR VETERAN.

and proud of the victory of Trafalgar, we can, at the opening of our Royal Naval Exhibition, admire and congratulate the sole French survivor of that famous battle now living, a venerable old gentleman at Hyères, in the hundredth year of his age, whose Portrait appears on this page. M. Louis André Manuel Cartigny was born at Hyères on Sept. 1, 1791, as is proved by the official certificate of the Mairie in our possession. At the age of fourteen, having entered the French naval service, he was serving with his father and brother on board the Formidable, commanded by Dumanoir, with part of the combined French and Spanish fleets under Admiral Villeneuve, which engaged Nelson's fleet off Cape Trafalgar on Oct. 21, 1805. We all know the history of that day; but it may here be mentioned that the Formidable, the Duguay-Trouin, the Mont Blanc, and the Scipion, belonging to the French reserve of ships which came late into action, were enabled to retreat, under Dumanoir's command; they could not, however, get to Cadiz, and on Nov. 5, near Cape Ortegal, they were attacked by Sir Richard Strachan with a very superior force. After five hours' hard fighting, in which young Cartigny was badly wounded in the left knee, they were captured, and he, with the other men of the crews, was brought to England as a prisoner of war. He was kept eight years on the pontoons at Plymouth, and was afterwards removed to Bristol, but was liberated at the Peace, returned home, married, and settled in his native town. He spoke English, boxed well, and could dance the English sailor's hornpipe. For many years he was proprietor of the Grand Café des Quatre Saisons, on the Cours de Strasbourg, at Hyères, now conducted by his granddaughter, who is a widow. M. Cartigny has received from the French Government the decoration of the Legion of Honour and a pension of 500f. (now stopped); also the medal of St. Helena, with a pension of 250f., under the bequest of Napoleon I. He lives with one of his daughters. These and other interesting particulars concerning the brave old French naval veteran, with the photograph and the certificate of his birth, are communicated by Mr. Hubert Smith, of the Alpine Club, lately residing at Hyères, who is well acquainted with M. Cartigny. The photograph was taken by M. Poullan, of Hyères, on Feb. 12 this year, expressly for publication in our Journal.

THE LATE GENERAL SIR A. MACDONELL.

General Sir Alexander Macdonell, K.C.B., who died at Carshalton on April 30, was born in 1820, son of Mr. Hugh Macdonell, Consul-General at Algiers, and at the age of seventeen entered the Army. In 1846 and 1847 he served in the Kaffir War, and received the medal. He went through the Eastern Campaign of 1854 as aide-de-camp to Sir George Brown, and was present at the Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, the assaults on the Redan, and the fall of Sebastopol. He became Lieutenant-colonel in 1855. In the Indian Mutiny he commanded a battalion, and took part in the siege and capture of Lucknow. His decorations included the Legion of Honour, the fifth class of the Medjidieh, and the order of K.C.B. He married, in 1867, Emily Rutson, daughter of Mr. Henry Rose Allport, and was left a widower in 1886. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde, of Regent Street.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR A. MACDONELL.

THE BROTHERS DE RESZKE.

It was during the experimental season of Italian Opera, held at Drury Lane in 1887, under the direction of Mr. Augustus Harris, that MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke made their first appearance in this country in Wagner's "Lohengrin." We are not absolutely positive that M. Edouard de Reszke had not played Enrico l'Uccellatore—as Henry the Fowler is described in the Italian version—during one of his engagements at Covent Garden under the Gye régime. It is certain, however, that the distinguished Polish tenor had never sung in Wagner's opera prior to the occasion above mentioned, when he was hailed by the London critics as "in all respects an ideal Lohengrin." There can be little need to insist upon the exalted nature of the qualities that render the two brothers perfect in these two parts. Their imposing stature, dignified bearing, noble voices, and true artistic insight enable them to realise in every detail the unconventional creations of Wagner's poetic imagination. To see M. Jean de Reszke as Lohengrin, and his gifted brother as the King, is doubly a treat to those who know how intensely these genuine artists love escaping from the more hackneyed rôles of their repertory to the heroic and idealistic characters of Wagnerian opera. They seem to dwell with delight upon every note they sing, and hence it is that to hear Lohengrin's "Farewell" and the King's "Prayer" rendered as Jean and Edouard de Reszke render them is to enjoy an experience that time can never efface from the memory. We may note that the opera has so far been given more frequently than usual this season, and invariably to large and enthusiastic houses.

BEEL-FISHING IN ASSAM.

The British Indian province of Assam, north-east of Bengal, occupies the plain, 450 miles long and fifty miles broad, traversed by the great river Brahmaputra, between the Naga and Garo hills and Bhutan. A large portion of the surface is covered with rice-fields, interspersed with low forest plateaux, dotted all over with villages and tea-gardens. In the rainy season, from June to September, the rice-swamps, called "pothars," are generally flooded, and then fish multiply in millions; but as the waters dry up, in December and January, the fish concentrate in the long shallow hollows, or "beels." The fish-cagles, hawks, adjutants, and long-legged waders have a fine time of it, while the Assamese villagers turn out in hundreds, catching the immense shoals of fish. Boys and girls, men and women, sally forth, armed with all sorts of fishing gear, and with nets and baskets. A favourite implement is the "polok," or bottomless conical basket, which is forced down to the mud, and any fish caught by it are taken out through a hole at the top. A large company of young folk, chattering, chaffing, and laughing, range themselves in lines four or five deep across the end of the long wide strip of water, and as they wade forward each one drives his or her "polok" down to the bottom. When fish are thus caught, they are at once transferred to the "kaloi," or gourd-shaped basket, tied on the left side. Sometimes the fun waxes fast and furious, as the larger fish dash wildly about among their legs and feet, often upsetting the unwary in a scramble for the prize. Or someone, with a yell or scream, springs out of the water, stung in the foot by the poison-spine of the dreaded "hinge mas"; so the unlucky one promptly retires, and limps home. After most of the fish are caught, all the girls scuttle away, a laughing crowd of drenched and muddy water-nymphs, to some friendly jungle; they presently emerge again, quite spick and span, with nice white clothes on, and scamper off quite saucily if one looks at them. They generally get ten or a dozen fish each, and, of course, there is great frying and feasting after sunset. The scene illustrated is from a photograph by Mr. J. A. Macadam.

The number of people who visited Shakespeare's birthplace during the year ending March 1891 is estimated to be 22,017, which, as compared with the year ending in 1881, when the total was only 12,300, shows an ever-increasing interest in the memory of the poet. Pilgrims came from all parts of the globe.

The "International Dictionary of Writers of the Day," on which Professor Angelo de Gubernatis has long been engaged, now lies completed before us, in three stout large octavo volumes. The work, which is composed upon the lines of the English "Men and Women of Our Time," is calculated to take the place of Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," which has become out of date. The book has been written in French, which the compiler describes as still the best instrument of European civilisation. The intention has been to include every living writer who, in the scientific, literary, artistic, technical, political, philosophical, and social sphere, has written some book or treatise worth reading or consulting; and, indeed, the work is very complete, and is written in a style not so dry as that of most dictionaries, while, at the same time, not falling into any of those absurdities which disfigure the latest edition of "Men and Women of Our Time." Of course there are omissions—and, at times, important ones—but the substantial accuracy and fulness of the notices merit recognition, and in a work of such extent errors must be inevitable. Italian names are, perhaps, more largely represented than those of their European confrères; but this fact alone gives the book a certain value.



M. JEAN DE RESZKE AS LOHENGRIN.



M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE AS ENRICO L'UCCELLATORE, IN "LOHENGRIN."



BEEF-FISHING IN ASSAM.



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY CAT."

PICTURE BY G. LA TOUCHE, IN THE SALON, CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS.

A YARN ABOUT NAVAL COSTUMES.

BY COMMANDER C. N. ROBINSON, R.N.

The dress worn at various periods by the officers and seamen of the Navy has received little attention at the hands of writers on costume—a strange circumstance, when we remember the natural interest that our countrymen have at all times exhibited in everything that concerns the mainstay of the nation. Nor has the matter been very fully treated elsewhere. A couple of short papers were contributed in 1830 and 1846 by Mr. E. H. Locker and Mr. John Barrow to the Antiquarian and Archaeological Societies respectively, there is a chapter in the *Nautical Magazine* of 1846, and a semi-official memorandum was compiled by Mr. F. H. Miller in 1881. These are the only contributions to the subject that I have been able to trace, and they treat more particularly of naval uniform as prescribed for officers in 1748. Yet I think it will be generally admitted that something more than mere curiosity would be satisfied by a knowledge of the appearance presented by the sailors whose efforts have so materially contributed to the glory, the maintenance, and the expansion of this great Empire. It is not to be supposed that in the space of a newspaper article the subject can receive its deserts, but possibly my notes may lead someone of greater ability and more leisure to make further and fuller research.

That uniform or livery is far from being a despicable factor in the maintenance of discipline is obvious, and that this view of the matter can have escaped the attention of our forefathers is not to be supposed; in fact, the sumptuary laws of past times appear to prove the contrary. The earliest reference, however, to uniformity in the dress of sailors does not lead us to suppose that its institution arose from this cause, but rather as an accessory to the naval tactics of the period. We read that soon after the Romans conquered Britain our fleets were supplied with scouts, speedy long-boats smeared with wax to lessen the friction of the waves, and having their sails and rigging dyed a light-blue colour to resemble the sea, while, still further to lessen the chance of being seen, the crews wore clothing of the same hue. It is reasonable, therefore, to claim for the colour of our naval uniform extreme antiquity, without going so far afield for evidence as Captain Limeburner in Miss Porter's "Life of Sir Edward Scaward," where that worthy is made to say: "Our uniform was worn by Admiral Noah—ay, and before his time. Old Ocean himself wore it time out of mind. You have noted his blue jacket, I suppose, and seen his white lapelles, when he puts on his full dress, and he always wears that, d'ye see, in a gale of wind."

The colour thus adopted for the British rowers appears to have been worn by the Bute-scarles, or first organised naval force, and to have been a favourite with the seamen whenever their clothes were provided for them; but, when they were at the cost of procuring their apparel for themselves, it was superseded by shades better fitted to withstand the wear and boisterous usage of a sea life. In the agreement which Ethelred made with his Danish auxiliaries in 1012, there is a clause obliging him to provide them with clothing, which seems to have taken the shape of a coarse rough woollen garment dyed blue, the weaving of this cloth as a domestic industry existing even at this early period. On the other hand, reference is made at a later period to mariners "garbed in russet." A distinctive dress, or badge for seamen, as well as for purely fighting men, is, I think, shown by the ancient records to have been customary, but it varied with the whim of the owner or employer of the force. The Cinque Ports seamen wore the respective arms of their ports as a

and probably the seamen also, both of the Royal and the Cinque Ports Navies (the latter a semi-national force), were supplied with a distinctive dress of some kind. As confirmation of this opinion, it is noteworthy that the earliest description of naval uniform which has as yet been discovered is contained in a warrant dated April 6, 1601, by which James I. renewed Elizabeth's grant of "Livery Suits" to the six principal masters of his ships. This warrant is addressed to



SAILOR, 1770.

the Keeper of the King's Wardrobe, and directs him to deliver to the six officers named "their p'cells following for their Lyurie coat, that is to saie, to euery of them two yards of fyne red cloth at 13s. 4d. a yarde. Item, to euery of them two yards of velvet for gardinge the same coats at 20s. the yarde. To euery of them ten ounces of silk," and so on, each material, its amount and cost, being mentioned. The coats were to be embroidered with ships, roses, crowns, and other devices, and the grant was to be renewed annually, at Easter, to each of the officers specified, during his lifetime. Further search would probably bring to light earlier warrants conferring similar privileges, the grant of which appears to have ceased about the time of the Commonwealth. Additional light may also be thrown upon the matter by inquiry into the origin of the uniform worn by the Queen's bargemen at Windsor, and that of the Thames watermen, as they certainly date back as far as this period.

Many writers have been puzzled to know whether seamen ever wore armour, and it is almost incredible that the mariners who first rowed, and afterwards handled the sails of war-vessels, could have done their work if clad in mail. There is a long period of history during which the distinction between the mariner and the fighting man is more or less clearly defined; but it becomes obliterated as oars are superseded by canvas, and the advent of ordnance, although it introduces gunners, does not prevent them from being seamen. But neither when the distinction existed, nor afterwards, do I find that the seamen wore armour, although Sir Richard Hawkins, in 1593, urges them to do so, and a certain proportion of breastplates and morions were supplied in the equipment of Elizabeth's ships, but not nearly sufficient for all on board. Sir Richard's argument was that "on the shore it is the bullet only that hurteth, but in the ship I have seen the splinters kill and hurt many at once," and he mentions an instance where a dozen men were hurt with splinters, "the most part whereof would have been excused if they had been armed." Because in paintings and illuminations of three hundred years ago the commanders of ships appear habited in corslet and helm, and their men have more the appearance of soldiers than sailors, I am by no means inclined to accept it as conclusive evidence. As to the colour of sailors' dress in these days, in Hakluyt's account of Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition to the North Seas, in 1553, Captain Richard Chancellor explicitly states that all the mariners of the squadron were "apparelled in Watchett or skie coloured cloth"; Watchett being a place in Somersetshire as noted then for its manufacture of sky-blue cloth as Kendal for its green. That a badge or distinctive mark notified the Queen's men is shown by the mention in Harrison's "Elizabethan England" of "liveries and caps" for the gunners serving on board the ships against the Armada. And the cut of the sailors' dress seems to have changed very little for a considerable period. Indeed, knowing the conservatism characteristic of seamen in other matters, it would be strange if we did not find it the case as regards his attire. Chaucer's description in the fourteenth century of the shipman "all in a gowne of falding to the knee" tells us of the antiquity of the petticoat, which as late as Marryat's time still formed a portion of the sailor's kit, and a survival of which is now to be seen in the extraordinary width of our bluejackets' trousers where they fall over the shoe.

On getting into the seventeenth century the quicksands of uncertainty are nearly passed. Naval officers, from the reign of Charles I. to that of George I., were habited, at all events when they had portraits painted, in the costume of the age they lived in. The letter which Mr. Locker wrote to the secretary of the Antiquarian Society in 1830 amusingly illustrates this fact. He writes:—

In the naval gallery of this institution (Greenwich Hospital) I can show you every variety of cut and complexion of dress—Nottingham, R. Leigh,

and Torrington expand their dignity in courtly costume; Lawson, Harman, and Monk shown in buff belts and jerkins; Sandwich, Munden, and Benbow shine forth in armour; while Rooke, Russell, and Shovel, the heroes of a softer age, are clothed in crimson and Lincoln green, surmounted with the flowing wig, which then distinguished alike the men of the robe and of the sword. A portrait of one of my naval ancestors (Commodore Brown, who with Vernon took Porto Bello in 1739) exhibits him in a full suit of russet brown. Every man then dressed as seemed good in his own eyes. My late gallant father, who went to sea in 1745, used to tell us that Captain Wyndham and all the officers of the Kent, of 70 guns, in which he embarked, wore grey and silver, faced with scarlet. Such foppery, however, at that period, was not unfrequently combined with checked shirts and petticoat trousers.

With regard to this letter, it is curious that Mr. Locker should have misplaced the chronological order of some of the gentlemen he mentions, and his doing so might have lessened the value of his testimony had we not the portraits still to refer to. Visitors to the picture galleries of the Naval Exhibition will find ample corroboration of his statements, if they did not exist elsewhere. But in a print engraved by Weigel, in the reign of William III., an "Englischer Admiral zur See" is represented clothed in a long square-cut scarlet coat laced with gold, a long-flapped blue waistcoat, cocked hat edged with feathers, black stockings drawn up to the knees, laced neck-cloths, ruffles, &c. The portraits of Admiral Churchill and Admiral Sir Stafford Fairborne at Hampton Court exhibited the former in red velvet with gold-laced button-holes, and the latter in plain sky-blue velvet. Smollett makes Commodore Lawser Truncheon express a wish to be buried in "the red jacket which I wore when I boarded the Renummy." The Renommez was captured Sept. 13, 1747, by the Dover, Captain W. Shirley, who afterwards became Earl Ferrers, and it is possible that Fitzroy Lee, who is supposed to have been the prototype of Truncheon, may have been on board her. In any case, it is fairly certain that Smollett had seen red-jackets worn on board ship by naval officers at that date. Smollett also gives us the dress of Captain Whipple, R.N., the dandy in pink silk coat, white satin waistcoat, crimson breeches, and shoes of "blue meroquin," and, as a contrast, Lieutenant Bowling's holiday get-up, which consisted of "a soldier's coat altered for him by the ship's tailor, a striped flannel jacket, a pair of red breeches japanned with pitch, clean grey worsted stockings, large silver buckles that covered three quarters of his shoes, a silver-laced hat whose crown overlooked the brims about an inch and a half, a black bob wig, a check shirt, a silk neckkerchief, a hanger with a brass handle girded to his thigh by a tarnished laced belt, and a good oak plant under his arm." These two pictures are caricatures, or, at least, very much overdrawn, and it would be monstrous to suppose either that all the naval captains dressed like Whipple or all naval lieutenants like Bowling. As bearing on this point, it may be mentioned that a Major Rennell, writing considerably later in the century, says he was told that the lieutenants of the navy were in the habit of purchasing soldiers' coats at Gibraltar and Mahon, and, after trimming them with black, wearing them as uniform; while from the diary of Colonel Fortescue, of a somewhat earlier date, we learn that it was the custom, when a naval man did abroad and his effects were sold, for military men to attend the auction for the express purpose of buying the uniforms, these being of more fashionable cut than anything that could be procured on shore. Gilbert Langley, writing about 1740, says that when he was at Barbados some of the officers of H.M.S. Gosport visited his quarters, when one of them asked him "if he was not the commander of a vessel, for so he judged me by my apparel, which was scarlet trimmed with silver." Keppel, however, in 1747 mentions grey faced with red as the usual



SAILOR, 1805.

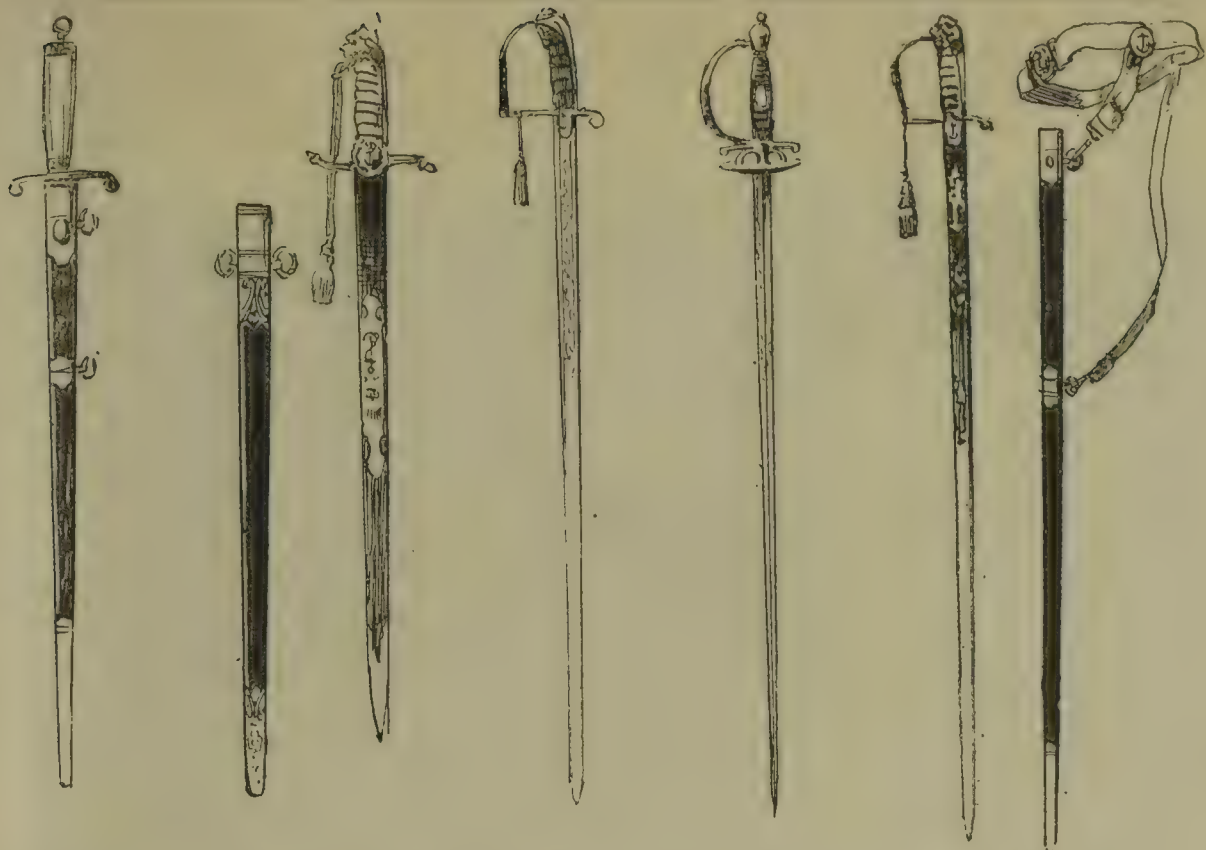
badge from a very early date; and in 1513, as Captain Montagu Burrows tells us, Henry VIII. assigned them as uniform "a cote of white cotyn with a red crosse and the armes of the Portis underneathe." The custom of providing clothing for naval officers and seamen is amply proved by the wardrobe accounts. In 1226, for example, the master of Henry the Third's great ship received sixpence a day, and sixteen shillings to purchase proper robes. In 1277, the Cinque Ports having to furnish a fleet, the captains and rectors of the vessels received money to furnish themselves and their men with robes for the occasion. A little later, and we find the master of the King's barge and the master of Prince Edward's barge receiving money to purchase their livery. Many similar extracts could be quoted, and they all go to show that certain of the officers,



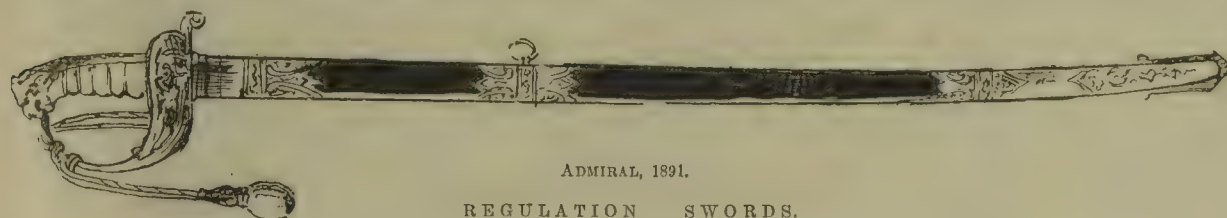
SAILOR, 1891.

colours worn, and this was assuredly the case with the men. But quotations and extracts from letters can be multiplied to any extent, and they all go to show that the colour chosen for the dress of the commissioned officers, which category then included only the admirals, captains, and lieutenants, was largely determined by the whim of the individuals in command.

During the period we have just been considering, the dress of the seaman varied in colour if not in shape. From an early date, and probably growing out of the older plan of providing clothes as well as arms, it was the practice for the naval authorities to obtain supplies of clothing and retail them to the sailors. The earliest reference to the matter I have discovered is in Captain Boteler's "Dialogues about the Sea



MIDSHIPMAN'S DIRK, 1791. MIDSHIPMAN'S DIRK, 1891. MASTER'S, 1825. PHYSICIANS & SECRETARIES, 1825. FLAG OFFICER, 1825.



ADMIRAL, 1891.
REGULATION SWORDS.

Services," written at some date early in the seventeenth century. In referring to various measures that have been taken with a view to remove the grievances of the seamen and to make the sea-service popular, he mentions his Majesty's (probably James I.) late augmentation of pay, and "that late addition also, of providing some convenient cloaths for them beforehand, hath been very well thought upon, for these people when they are left to themselves are generally found to make more of their Bellies than of their Backs." A little later, and Pepys refers to the red-breeched sailors of Charles the Second's reign, but the earliest instructions on the subject now known were issued by James II. in March 1663, when he was Lord High Admiral.

By these it is laid down that the only slops permitted to be sold on board his Majesty's ships are "red caps, Monmouth caps, yarn stockings, Irish stockings, blue shirts, white shirts, cotton waistcoats, cotton drawers, neat's leather flat-heeled shoes, blue neckcloths, canvas suits and rugs." In the diary of Henry Teonge, chaplain of H.M.S. Assistance, he writes, under date July 22, 1675: "This day we have a fayre on our quarterdeck—viz., our purser opens his packe, and sells to the value of 30 pounds or more, shirts, drawers, wascots, neck-cloths, stockings, shoes." And again, on June 11, 1678, he describes a similar sale. Regulations defining the quality of these articles are also in the Record Office, but only two have been found describing their colour. Mr. W. Laird-Clowe has discovered an order issued Aug. 24, 1706, by Prince George of Denmark. The various articles of clothing are to be furnished, under contract, by Mr. Richard Harnage of London, and by Mr. Will. Francklin "of Wappen, Stepney." Patterns of the "cloaths" are to be lodged with the storekeepers at Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Harwich, Deal, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Kinsale, and Lisbon, and commanding officers are admonished to be careful and see that "the cloaths do in all respects agree with the patterns" before issuing them to the ship's companies. The uniform consisted of "shrunk grey kersey jackets, lined with red cotton, with 15 brass buttons and 2 pockets of linen, the button-holes stitched with gold-colour thread, at 10s. 6d. each; waistcoats of Welsh red, plain, unlined, with 18 brass buttons, the holes stitched with gold-colour thread, at 5s. 6d. each; red kersey breeches, lined with linen, with 3 leather pockets, and 13 white tin buttons, the button-holes stitched with white thread, at the rate of 5s. 6d. each; red-flowered shag breeches, lined with linen, with 3 leather pockets and 14 brass buttons, the button-holes stitched with gold-colour thread, at the rate of 11s. 6d. each; striped shag breeches, lined with linen, with 3 leather pockets, and 14 white tin buttons, the button-holes stitched with white thread, at the rate of 10s. 6d. each." Blue and white checked shirts and drawers, grey woollen stockings and gloves, shoes with round toes and brass buckles, with iron tongues and leather caps, faced with red cotton and lined with white linen," also figure in the list. Professor Laughton also has found a letter of the Navy Board, dated Aug. 22, 1740, acknowledging directions from the Admiralty to contract for providing seamen with green and blue baize frocks and trousers, from which it would seem that the order of 1706 might have been in force for more than half a century. The grey jackets, with red caps and breeches, formed, in all probability, the dress worn by the sailors who fought in the Dutch wars, and certainly clothed some of those under Herbert, Shovell, Benbow, and Rooke; while the seamen of Vernon, Hawke, and even Boscawen may have been clad in the green and blue baize frocks. Dr. Moore, M.D., who wrote in the beginning of the century, mentions having seen a coloured print, circa 1726, in which a mariner is depicted standing outside the Admiralty House, then not long built, dressed in a dark-grey jacket with innumerable buttons, a blue-and-white striped waistcoat, and red breeches. The late James Grant, in "British Battles by Land and Sea," speaking of the state of the navy in 1740, says: "A recent writer has described the tar of these days as being very peculiarly dressed. A little low cocked hat, a pea jacket (a sort of cumbrous Dutch-cut coat), a pair of petticoat trousers, not unlike a Scotch kilt, tight stockings with pinchbeck buckles on his shoes, constituted his amphibious outfit." Those who are familiar with old prints will recognise this picture; but I fancy the date ascribed to it is at least twenty years too early. In 1762 mention is made in

the *London Chronicle* of a fashion which the sailors had of wearing their hats uniformly tacked to the crown, which made them look as if they carried a triangular apple-pasty on their heads, from which it would appear that the style was comparatively novel; but for long afterwards the cocked hats, even of the officers, were made so that the flaps would let down at the option of the wearer. In the *Oxford Magazine* of 1777 there is an illustration of the Press Gang, in which the sailors are shown some with the sides of their hats tacked up and others down. Another custom to which we find reference at this date, but which is as old as the navy itself almost, and certainly was in vogue down to nearly the middle of this century, was the wearing by the barge's crew, and sometimes others of the ship's company, of the colours or badges of their captains. Thus Anson had his boat's crew clothed in a dress resembling that of the Thames watermen—scarlet jackets, blue-silk vests, and silver badges on their arms. In the Naval Exhibition is a badge said to have been worn by Sir Francis Drake's coxswain, but the Drake is, in all probability, not the famous circumnavigator, but Captain Sir Francis S. Drake, a descendant, who did good service in the navy in the reign of George III.

In 1748 a uniform was first established for all naval officers of executive rank, the earliest dress being little different from the costume worn at the period on shore, but having a distinctive colour, buttons, and marks of rank. In the portrait gallery of the Naval Exhibition there is more than one admiral who had his picture painted before the dress regulations were issued, yet who might easily be supposed to be in uniform, if it were not for the colour of his coat. In the annexed plate the first group is representative of the naval dress from 1745 to 1760; the second, from 1765 to 1812, or the period of Rodney, Jervis, Nelson, and Dundonald; the third, from 1825 to 1833,



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, 1825.

CAPTAIN, 1825.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, 1891.

SUB-LIEUTENANT, 1891.

EPAULETTES.

which takes in Algiers, Navarino, and the regulations of William IV.; the fourth showing the uniforms of the present time.

We learn from the minute-book of a club of sea-officers, which met every Sunday evening at Willis's coffee house, in Scotland Yard, for the professed purpose of watching over their rights and privileges, that a resolution was passed at a meeting in 1745 that a uniform dress is useful and necessary for the commissioned officers as well as agreeable to the practice of other nations, and it is resolved, therefore, "that a committee be appointed to wait upon the Duke of Bedford and the Admiralty, and if their Lordships approved, that they will be pleased to introduce it to his Majesty." Although the result of this memorial to the Admiralty is unrecorded, it appears to have been favourable, from the following passage in a letter which Captain Keppel wrote to Captain P. Saumarez, under date London, Aug. 25, 1746: "Tim Brett tells me you have made a uniform coat, &c., after your own fancy; my Lord Anson is desirous that many of us should make coats after our own taste, and then that a choice should be made of one to be general, and if

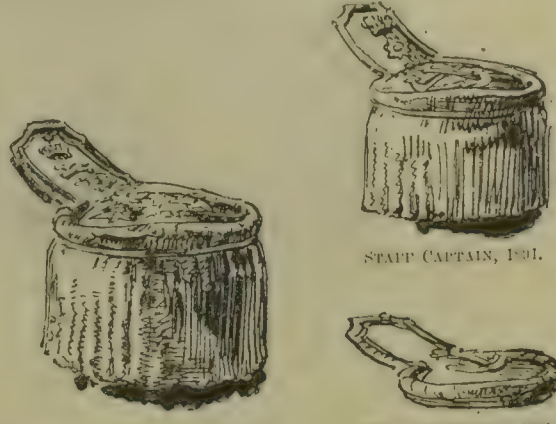
you will appear in it here, he says, he will be answerable your taste will not appear among the worse." Sir Peter Warren also appears to have had something to do with the proposal, for in a letter from him to Lord Anson, dated Plymouth, Aug. 3, 1747, the following paragraph appears: "I cannot conceive what reasonable objection can be made by our service to the uniformity of dress and rank proposed in the instrumental I sent you, if it is approved of in that form by his Grace [the Duke of Bedford], and, I pray you, let me know, and I will immediately be answerable for the carrying it through with many of our junior flags, and, I believe, with all the captains in general." The choice of colours, however, was made finally by George II. himself, as appears by a statement received from Mr. Locker, from the lips of Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. John Forbes, the gallant officer who resigned his seat at the Admiralty in 1757 rather than sign the death-warrant of the unfortunate Admiral Byng:—

"Adverting to the establishment of the naval uniform, the Admiral said he was summoned on that occasion to attend the Duke of Bedford, and being introduced into an apartment surrounded with various dresses, his opinion was asked as to the most appropriate; the Admiral said red and blue, or blue and red, as these were our national colours. 'No,' replied his Grace, 'the King has determined otherwise, for, having seen my Duchess riding in the park a few days ago in a habit of blue faced with white, the dress took the fancy of his Majesty, who has appointed it for the uniform of the Royal Navy.'" The adoption of this uniform was notified to the service by the following order, dated April 13, 1748, and addressed to twenty-one admirals, vice-admirals, and rear-admirals, and one hundred and thirty-two officers in command of ships and vessels:—

Whereas we judge it necessary, in order the better to distinguish the rank of sea officers, to establish a military clothing for admirals, captains, commanders, and lieutenants, and judging it also necessary that persons acting as midshipmen should likewise have a uniform clothing, in order to their carrying the appearance which is necessary to distinguish their class to be in the rank of gentlemen, and give them better credit and figure in executing the commands of their superior officers, you are hereby required and directed to conform yourself to the said establishment, by wearing clothing accordingly at all proper times, and to take care that such of the aforesaid officers and midshipmen, who may be from time to time under your command, do the like. And it is our direction that no commission officer or midshipman do presume to wear any other uniform than that which properly belongs to his rank, &c., &c.

The instructions do not appear to have been sanctioned by an Order in Council or promulgated in the *Gazette*; but, under the heading of "Domestic News," a paragraph was inserted in the *Jacobites' Journal* of March 5, 1748, announcing their issue, and stating that "patterns for dress-coats and frocks" for each grade of officer had been lodged at the Navy Office and the several dockyards for inspection. No regulations were issued prescribing the dress, and no patterns were sent abroad. So we find Admiral Boscawen writing on Feb. 13, 1749: "The order for establishing the uniform enclosed in your letter of April 13 cannot be complied with, as I am entirely at a loss with respect to patterns." Sir John Barrow, in his "Life of Anson," also states that good reasons existed for believing that the general adoption of the uniform was confined, or nearly so, for some time to flag-officers and captains. As no uniform was mentioned for warrant officers, one can quite believe Major Rennell when he says that in 1759 he saw a master of a man-of-war dressed in a red coat trimmed with black.

The patterns for the garments worn by admirals and midshipmen have not been preserved, but a few coats, waistcoats, breeches, and hats for captains and lieutenants were found at Plymouth in 1846, and, being sent to the Admiralty, are now in the United Service Institution. The hats are three-cornered in shape, one is trimmed with silver or tarnished gold lace, and both bear the silk cockades instituted by George I. Lace and frills being then worn, there are no collars to the coats: they are made of thick blue cloth, the lappels which button back are blue, but the cuffs of the captains' coats are white, and the sleeves of all are purposely made short to allow the laced sleeves of the white kerseymere waistcoats to show beyond. There are two kinds of buttons—one flat bearing a rose, the other round and plain. Although we have not the patterns, pictures of the dress of the admirals and midshipmen have come down to us, the embroidery and lace on those of the flag-officers being most elaborate. Stothard painted a picture in 1779 showing Prince William Henry as a midshipman in blue coat, white waistcoat, and knee-breeches; another middy stands by him with a white patch on his coat collar, and Admiral Digby is shown in an undress uniform. The scene is placed on the deck of the Royal George. In 1757 midshipmen wore as an undress what we should call a reefer or monkey-

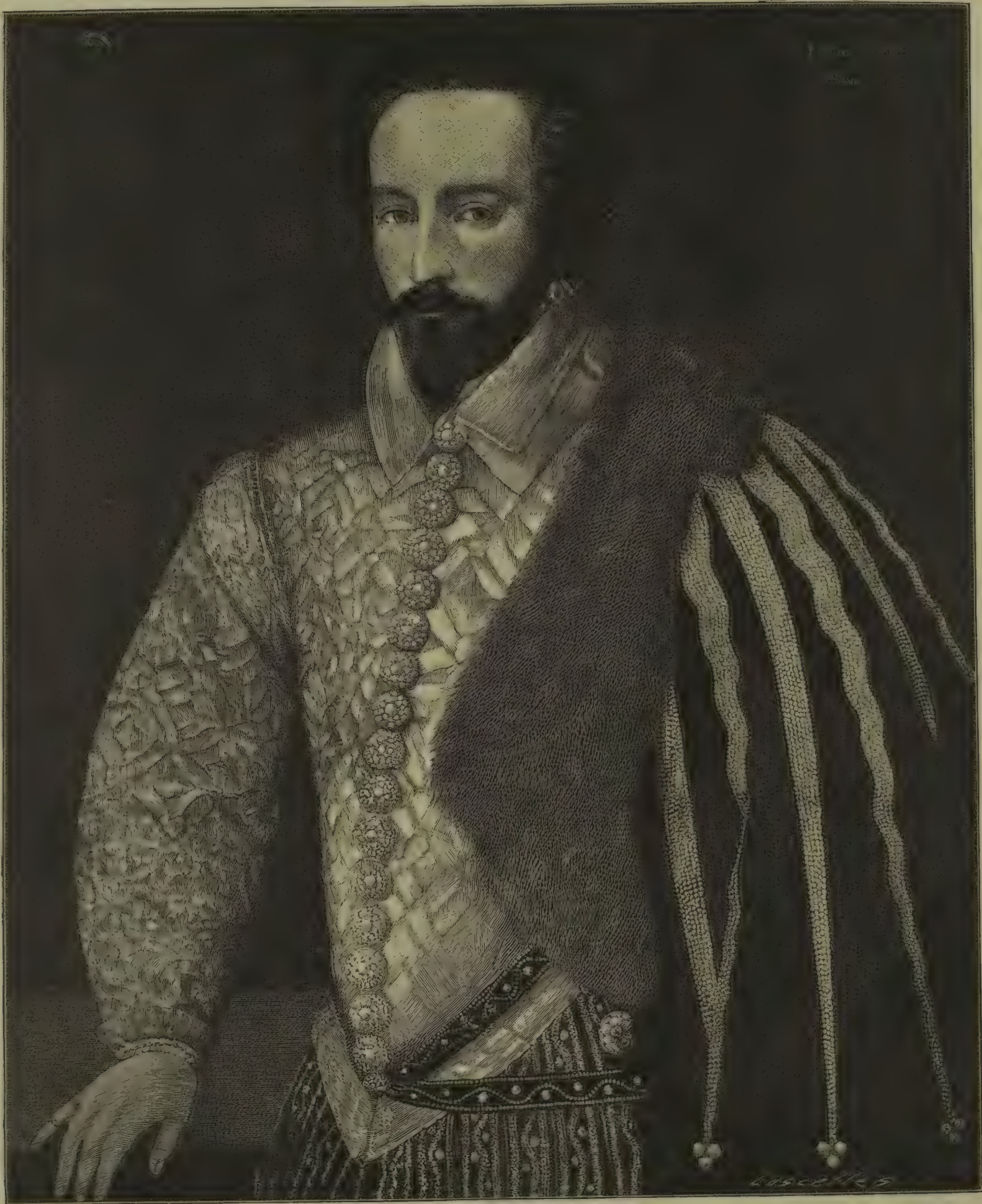


SEAF CAPTAIN, 1891.

SUB-LIEUTENANT, 1891.

jacket, with trousers and a black hat rather tall in the crown and narrow in the brim.

On July 18, 1767, the above regulations were superseded by an Order in Council which stated that the embroidered uniform clothing of flag-officers, and the full-dress uniform of captains, commanders, and lieutenants, was to be discontinued, and that the frock uniform clothing was to be altered. Admirals' frocks were to have narrow lappels down to the waist, small coat-cuffs, and single instead of treble plain lace of mousquetaire pattern down to the side skirts. The lappels on the captains' and commanders' frocks were also to go down to the waist, and lieutenants the same, but with slash white cuffs and lappels like the commanders, and without lace. In July 1774 further alterations were made in the arrangement of the lace on the dress coats of captains and commanders; flat buttons with an anchor and cable engraved thereon were ordered to be worn, the waistcoats were to be plain, and the breeches white. In the undress frocks, collars were prescribed. Captains who had taken post three years and upwards were to wear twelve buttons by threes on the lappels, captains under three years' standing twelve buttons by twos, and commanders



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—BY F. ZUCHARO.

IN THE NAVAL EXHIBITION.—LENT BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

twelve buttons placed regularly. In January 1783 the flag-officers got back their embroidery, the pattern to be the same as worn by corresponding ranks in the Army—gold lace upon white cuffs; the buttons on the lappels of admirals to be arranged in regular order, those of vice-admirals by threes, those of rear-admirals by twos. In several portraits of naval officers from 1780 onwards I find epaulettes worn, but they were not uniform. They appear to have been uniform in the French and Spanish navies before this time, and, according to Mr. Popham Lethbridge, were introduced into our navy by an incident which occurred when some English officers visited France during the peace. These officers found that the sentries did not carry arms to them, while they did to the officers of marines, who, at that date, wore silver epaulettes; two of them therefore adopted gold epaulettes as part of their uniform, and, when one of these officers became a Lord of the Admiralty, he got the regulations altered. This was on June 1, 1795; but in 1783 Nelson wrote to his father from France: "Two noble captains are here—Ball and Shephard. You do not know, I believe, either of them: they wear fine epaulettes, for which I think them great

coxcombs. . . . You may suppose I hold them a little cheap, for putting on any part of a Frenchman's uniform." Nelson altered his opinion of these officers when he came to know them more intimately. By the new regulation, rank was to be distinguished by the gold epaulettes. Admirals wore two, with one, two, or three silver stars on each, to denote rear, vice, and full admirals respectively. Captains over three years' standing, the plain gold epaulettes; captains under that seniority, one on the right shoulder; and masters and commanders (a combined commissioned rank, not to be confounded with the warrant rank of master), one on the left shoulder.

This uniform remained in force until 1812, and is, consequently, that of the Nile and Trafalgar period. In 1799 Rowlandson was commissioned by Messrs. Ackerman to make drawings of the naval uniform of that date, and ten plates were published, which are now very scarce. They represent the admiral, captain, lieutenant, midshipman, purser, marine officer, carpenter, cook, seaman, and cabin-boy. Stronuous endeavours were made to get a complete set for the art gallery of the Naval Exhibition, but without success, although a set in which only the captain was missing was sold at Messrs.

Sotheby's in June 1889. Hessian boots coming to the knee, and worn with white pantaloons, were certainly optional in 1805, for at Trafalgar Collingwood was asked by one of his officers whether he would not wear them, but replied that, in case of being hit in the leg, silk stockings would be found less in the way of the doctor. These boots are said to have been introduced by Rodney. There is no authority, unless it be found in Rowlandson's picture, to show that pursers, secretaries, clerks, masters, or volunteers wore uniform of any kind at Trafalgar; but in flag-ships, at least, they probably conformed to the usual colours, blue and white. I thought that possibly some light might be thrown upon this matter by nautical novels dealing with the period; but when one finds Captain Chamier making his hero, in 1794, seal a love-letter with a purser's button which did not come into existence until 1825, one is apt to doubt this sort of authority. Taking it, however, for what it is worth, we learn from Captain Glasscock that, in 1800, at least one naval lieutenant was to be seen in a blue white-edged coat with straggling anchor-buttons of different dies, a buff vest, tarred nankcen trousers, and broad-brimmed leather hat. He also speaks of the little

white-handled dirk which formed part of a midshipman's equipment, and the plain frock which formed the ordinary attire of the purser. And, if Captain Barker is to be trusted, there was a ship in the Channel about the same time in which all the officers were to be seen one day in the prescribed uniform of the regulations, the next in pea-jackets, Flushing trousers, and hairy caps, and on the day following in buckskin breeches, top boots and spurs, to accord with the caprices of their commander.

The dress of the seamen during the Nelson period had merely by custom—for no regulation existed—hardened down into blue jackets, white trousers, and tarpaulin hat. As, however, two capricious factors operated to prevent uniformity, one or the other of these three articles of attire was not infrequently worn with garments of quite a different cut and complexion. In the first place, unless the rig in which a man joined was very ragged he was allowed to retain it; in the second, the captain's whim had to be considered, and especially in regard to the dress worn by their boats' crews, some officers exhibiting very peculiar taste. Rowlandson puts his blue-jackets of 1799 into petticoats falling to the knees, and Maryat writes of a cutter in the Channel in 1820 or thereabout: "She had plenty of men, all dressed in red flannel shirts and blue trousers; some of them have not taken off their canvas or tarpaulin petticoats, which are very useful to them, as they are in the boats, night and day and in all weathers. Cocked hats for bluejackets went out of custom seemingly about 1780; caps and hard leather hats taking their places, the latter being higher in crown and narrower in the brim than those which we have lately been accustomed to see our sailors wear. Straw hats, introduced first in the West Indies, were frequent about 1802; but a smart sailor of the Royal Sovereign, in 1805, is pictured as being rigged complete in white ducks, long in the legs and taut in the hips. checked shirt, a round blue jacket with bright buttons, black tie, white stockings, long-quartered shoes, a regular neat-cut low-crowned tarpaulin hat, with the name of his ship painted on the ribbon, and with a pigtail down to his sternpost. When pigtails came in, and whether they were ever very general, are questions about which I am undecided, but Admiral of the Fleet Sir Alex. Milne tells me that the last pigtail sailor that he saw was sitting on the coaming of the main hatch, in the Ganges in '23, having his queue combed and cleaned. Captain Glascock, in his Naval Sketchbook, says that the pigtail had entirely disappeared in 1826. It may be as well to finish off here what I have to say about the sailors' dress up to 1856, when uniform was first prescribed for them. From pictures of Drummond, Cruikshank, and those of a naval officer who illustrated a volume of naval sketches in 1815, checked or striped

shank and stock (the seal of the Sick and Hurt Office) on their collars, and all medical men the same device on their buttons. Pursers wore two anchors with cables crossed saltierwise (the seal of the Victualling Office) on their collars, and all the clerical staff the same device on the buttons. Junior officers who had not previously been accorded permission were now allowed to wear blue instead of white pantaloons, if they wished; mates a button and button-hole of gold lace on the stand-up collars of their coats, and a thin white edge to coat; midshipmen, a white turn-back instead, but the coats were not to be edged with white; mates, midshipmen, gunners, boatswains, and carpenters to have swords like the masters, but of such length as may be convenient. All officers have cocked hats in full or undress dress, but may wear at sea a round black hat, bound with black silk, with a narrow black silk band and black buckle, and a black silk or leather cockade, with a loop of the same material, and half the width of the whole loop of the full-dress hat with the appropriate distinctive button of waistcoat size. The full-dress coats of what are now termed warrant officers had turned-down collars; they had no knee-breeches, and wore buttons without crowns on them. The undress coats of all grades had fall-down collars and lappels to button across the chest. Commissioned officers were distinguished by their epaulettes or buttons.

Two years later, in 1827, and the full dress was abolished, and knee-breeches were ordered to be worn at Drawing-Rooms only. The collars of the coats were made white instead of blue, and to stand up; the white cuffs were slashed, but the rings round them, which had shown flag rank since 1783, were done away with.

In 1833 William IV. changed the facings from white to red, and they remained so for ten years. In 1837 a dress for engineers was first ordered, it being very similar to that worn by the other warrant officers. In 1843 the facings were altered to white, all officers of the military branch were ordered to wear their buttons double-breasted, officers of the civilian branch to wear them single-breasted, the masters' buttons regular, paymasters' in twos, doctors' in threes; all the devices on the buttons were abolished except that for the engineers, an engine surmounted by a crown, and they were to wear them in fours. The black-handled sword-grips were now restricted to the boatswains, gunners, and carpenters.

In 1846 scales, or epaulettes without bullion, were authorised for captains and commanders, and they might be worn on jackets at sea—mates received an epaulette on the right shoulder and second masters the same, but with a different badge. The undress coat of the military branch had pointed flaps in place of lappels, and a gold crown was to be worn over the lace on caps. The very next year

THE GAIETY OF NATIONS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

It is pure accident, probably, that there should be so many sad pictures at the Academy Exhibition, but not surprising that the repetition of scenes of parting life and broken happiness should renew the cry of What a melancholy age is this! To the present time, at any rate, painters have been the cheerfulness of men; and still the sage may say, Make your son an artist if you would have him carry the gaiety of boyhood (or what remains of it) into his forties. But of course it may be that artists also are beginning to fall under the sadness-influenza which has covered all Europe in the last generation, seeming to deepen and extend its ravages as the century nears its end. But, indeed, where have we seen such a display of melancholy as among certain ladies and gentlemen touched with the newest sensibilities of art? That sad-coloured raiment, those drooping draperies, those listless attitudes, those hollow eyes and chins thrust forth in yearning for we know not what or otherwise the Grave—who invented and who propagated these but a newer school of artists, and those who were near enough to take the contagion? But these excessive symptoms of a common malady have declined of late, and the painting of death-bed scenes in sound colours and portraiture detail is no sign of its extension. There were plenty of such pictures in times before the sadness-influenza swept over the world. Did not the late Mr. Frank Holl paint dozens of them as a bright young man, and before he discovered that he was best in portrait? No, these Academy pictures are but accidental, though they do sharply reawaken consciousness that whatever "gaiety of nations" there may have been up to the time when Mr. Disraeli spoke of its eclipse seems to be fast dying out.

The affliction appears to be universal, and to include not only every class in every civilised community, but all ages in every class; and that is the most remarkable thing about it. When the common people, as they used to be called, were harder worked for fewer comforts, it was a jollier people, and more given to roaring fun than it is now. They are said to be more thoughtful in these days, and thought is the explanation that philosophers give of the extinction of gaiety in modern times. It is accounted for by growing habits of introspection, self-analysis, the importunity of the problems of life and after-life, and other torments of intellectuality. Somewhere I have seen it ascribed to a keener and more general sensibility, to the beauty of this earth where we do not abide—a broader apprehension of what will one day be lost to us and go on without us, whatever may be the unknown and inconceivable gain somewhere beyond. There is truth in these explanations so far as many of us are concerned, no doubt; and we must suppose that, as education spreads, more are added to the many. But habits of introspection, fumbings of self-analysis, trouble about the problems of life are not common to the mass of mankind; and though it may well be that the uncertainty of a future life which people are now taught heightens the sense of transiency in this, there is not enough of that sentiment to account for the loss of gaiety by the dim multitude of working folk. Besides, we have to explain some appearance of the same privation among the youthful and even the infantile; and it is difficult to imagine these a prey to introspection or victims of the problems of life. Perhaps it is a mistake; but the saying among nurses and granddames is that there is a noticeable falling off in romps; positive disinclination to romp, indeed, where before it was rarely observed. Sober athletics, systematised, have gained ground among both lads and lasses; but the impulse of wild, spontaneous, boisterous fun has declined from them very sensibly. For a sign, take the young women who like to be seen nowadays with an eye-glass gravely straddling across their noses, and think what their grandmothers would have thought of that at nineteen!

It can't be said, of course, that these young people are under the influence of the melancholy of the time, but they do not promise to banish it when they are grown up and take our places. They are apparently quite prepared to succumb to the epidemic sadness, which might have been suspected to come from Russia, like this other malady, if the strangely sombre literature of that land had spread through Europe fifty years since. This literature, however, is only one of the many voices by which the melancholy of the declining century speaks, amid an almost complete absence of joyousness in any form. The poesy of the time (and there is abundance of it of a good "minor" kind) is nearly all lamentation that nothing endures—which is not better known now than when the world was gayer. The romance is gloomy, too, or all a-wanting in buoyancy and brightness. Dissection of vice under our eyes, with all the "frankness" of the hospital operator, is its chief employment, and the demonstration of how near akin to the devil we all are. The theatre is no longer to be a place for the exhibition of grand passions or petty foibles. Here also the surgeon enters to make a shambles of life and character, and sicken human nature with itself. There is not even a dance-music of pretension that does not wail of lost loves, vanished hopes, joys that are no more. Even when it is meant to be cheerful the sighing strain creeps into it, such as you will not find a breath of in the old dance-music of a merrier England than this is, whatever else it may be.

And what conclusion are we to come to? What is the secret of this lapse of gaiety which we all recognise? We are taught to look to physiological conditions for an explanation of mental phenomena, and I suppose that, roughly speaking, the universal gloom would be accounted for by a general exhaustion of animal spirits. That is what it looks like. It is shown most, perhaps, where there is most cultivation; but it exists where it cannot be thought that the animal nature of man has been suppressed through brain enlargement or refinement, and where the conditions of life are less oppressive than they were when there was more of mirth. Something has been lost or lowered that corresponds to the "elasticity of youth," and which makes all the prodigious difference between the kitten and the cat. Let us pray for its return.



BUTTONS.

trousers as well as shirts were affected by seamen, and they frequently ornamented their jackets by sewing strips of canvas down the seams. A little later, and tight guernseys were common wear, with Kilmarnock caps with a blue tuft a-top. Warrant and petty officers wore beaver hats like civilians in 1834-37. The vagaries of some of the captains were very strange, and led to odd difficulties. The captain of the Vernon in 1810 ordered his men, on fitting out, to wear red serge frocks with red woollen comforters, but when the ship had been in commission a short time the easily foreseen difficulty of keeping up the supply arose, and was eventually solved by appropriating all the remaining red frocks to one watch, the other donning the blue, which were obtainable from the purser. The chequered appearance of the men when on the yards furling sails can be well imagined. In the Blazer, in 1845, the ship's company wore blue-and-white striped guernseys, with jackets. Commander Wilnot, of the Harlequin brig, in 1853 dressed his gig's crew as harlequins, and in 1854 Captain Wallace Houston, in the Trincomalee, had all his ship's company in red shirts and fancy caps. As these instances are well authenticated, Captain Barker, in the "Naval Foundling," was not wildly improbable when he made the commander of H.M.S. Tulip dress his ship's company in green, with an imitation flower reversed for their caps, and his boat's crew in tiger-skins to resemble Indians, with short paddles instead of oars.

On Jan. 22, 1805, a uniform was first established for medical officers, and on June 29, 1807, a uniform for masters and pursers; but the first alteration in the uniform of the executive officers during the present century took place in 1812—the regulations are given in full in Burney's edition of Falconer's Dictionary. The principal changes were confined to putting a crown over the anchor on the button, and substituting lace for embroidery on the cuffs. All captains and commanders were given two epaulettes, the distinction to be silver crown over silver anchor for captains of three years' standing, silver anchor only for other captains, plain epaulettes for commanders. Lieutenants to wear one epaulette on right shoulder.

On Jan. 1, 1825, new regulations were issued, and plates published, which are still in the Admiralty, and will probably be found at the Naval Exhibition. It is to be noted that the buttons were flat, indented with a round rim. Waistcoats and knee-breeches of white kerseymer were ordered for all grades, but pantaloons of white or blue cloth and half-boots were also allowed to be worn.

The master of the fleet and all officers of civilian grades were to have black grips to their swords, and the blades were not to be blued. Physicians and secretaries wore a dress sword with rapier blade. The lappels of all these warrant officers' coats were blue, and they were distinguished by marks on the collar and buttons. The master of the fleet had three anchors (the seal of the Navy Office) on his collars, and the buttons of all officers of his department bore the same device. Physicians had an anchor with a snake twisted round the

the scales for captains and commanders were abolished, and a frock-coat instituted, to be worn without epaulettes, but with the distinctive bands on the cuffs of the executive officers. Caps were not to be worn ashore in full or undress. In 1856, at the close of the Russian War, a fresh change was made in the marks on the epaulettes to those now worn. Mates were given shoulder-straps or scales; midshipmen, dirks in the place of sword. The cap-badge was fixed, and mohair bands substituted for gold lace. The engineer's button was also abolished.

When the dress of the Greenwich pensioner was authorised, I have been unable to discover, but probably it was soon after the establishment of the Naval Hospital. It consisted of a long blue coat, blue breeches, and white stockings, a three-cornered hat, and shoes with buckles. There was a boatswain to each ward who wore broad gold lace round his pockets, cuffs, and hat, and two boatswain's mates who had simply a narrow gold edging on their hats.

In 1857 a uniform for the men was fixed, which was very similar to that now worn, except that by new regulations, issued only last year, the tarpaulin hat and the blue jacket were done away with. It was some time, however, before the regulations were entirely conformed to, and as late as 1861 some officers continued to dress their boats' crews in more or less fanciful rigs. In 1863 another row of lace, with the curl at top, was given to all officers of the military branch, and the other officers were given the distinctive colours on the sleeves which are still worn—red for medical officers, white for paymasters, and purple for engineers. A blue velvet stripe was also introduced for the navigating branch, but this was afterwards done away with in 1867, and has since been given to naval instructors. At the same time mates got lace stripes instead of braid, and sashes were prescribed for the aides-de-camp to the Queen. These instructions notified that the old hat with its lightning-conductor, but considerably lowered in the crown, was now only to be used in bad weather: it is so still. In 1867 chief gunners, boatswains, and carpenters were given a narrow gold stripe, the badges for petty officers, which had been blue and white, were changed to blue and red. Distinguishing marks were originated in the circular of this year for gunnery instructors and seamen gunners. In 1874 aiguillettes replaced the sashes for aides-de-camp and equerries. In 1877 an additional narrow stripe was prescribed for lieutenants over eight years' standing, and some other officers. Honorary physicians and surgeons to the Queen were granted a black-and-gold sash. In 1879 a ship jacket was ordered, and buttons to be worn on the sleeves below the stripes. In 1885, tunics and helmets with puggarees. In 1888 torpedo-men were given badges. In 1889 a monkey jacket took the place of the blue tunic. All these changes can be seen in orders and circulars in the Navy Lists of the dates mentioned. To-day the uniform regulations cover nearly a dozen pages, where they formerly covered one—and officers have some half a dozen different kinds of uniform, where two amply sufficed for their forefathers.



"CONSCRIPTS."—AFTER DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

FROM THE EXHIBITION AT THE SALON, CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS.



"CHICKENS."

PICTURE BY W. H. GADSBY, IN THE SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

NOTES OF GREEK TRAVEL.

I.—ATHENS.

BY GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

After fourteen years, I have just visited Greece for the second time. Much has taken place in the interval. Of the material development of the country the signs are everywhere apparent, but I will leave others to speak of them. It is enough to note here that, whereas in 1877 the only railway in Greece was that which connected Athens with the Piræus, there are now between 400 and 500 miles of railway in working order, and as much more in progress or in contemplation. What with this and the carriage roads, and even the hotels, which are beginning to appear in such places as Pyrgos and Nauplia, the fatigue and discomfort, and, let me add, the romantic simplicity, hitherto associated with Greek travel will soon be of the past. Those, therefore, who wish still to endure the one for the sake of enjoying the other should go to Greece without delay.

But a change more interesting and satisfactory to the student of Greek antiquity is that which is due to the unceasing progress of discovery. Fourteen years ago, the German excavations at Olympia were not more than half complete. Neither the English nor the American school was yet in existence at Athens. The Athenian Archaeological Society had barely entered upon the series of excavations which, at Athens especially, but also at Eleusis, have yielded such brilliant results. Dr. Schliemann's first discoveries at Mycenæ had just startled the civilised world, but they had not yet been supplemented and illustrated by the discovery of similar treasures at Spata and elsewhere, by later Greek revelations at Mycenæ, or by the great excavator's own researches at Tiryns.

Athens is still, as of old—nay, even more than of old—"the eye of Greece." For not only has more been done there than elsewhere to bring back to light the relics of a glorious past, but it is in the museums of Athens that are gradually being collected and arranged all the works of art found on Greek soil. To give even the barest outline of the treasures of these museums would occupy far more space than is at my disposal, but I will mention a few of the latest acquisitions. Of these the most important are to be found in the museum on the Acropolis, which is now, for its size, one of the most interesting in the world; for it contains examples, now abundant, of a period of Greek art which is hardly represented elsewhere—that which intervenes between the earliest efforts of sculpture and its prime. I refer particularly to the wonderful series of female statues which were dug up

recently found, which goes by the name of "the mourning Athena." Athena, wearing her helmet, leans upon her spear, and looks down towards an altar in an attitude which certainly suggests grief, though the occasion is obscure. There is still a touch of archaic stiffness in the treatment of face and dress, but not more than gives a piquancy to the effect.

The Central Museum contains the sculpture found elsewhere than on the Acropolis. The most notable additions to its treasures have come from the recent excavations at Epidauros and Eleusis. A bas-relief from Mantinea of Apollo and the nine muses is interesting, not only on account of its intrinsic beauty, but because it is thought by some to be identical with a work of Praxiteles mentioned by Pausanias in



PORTION OF A RELIEF FROM MANTINEA IN THE CENTRAL MUSEUM, ATHENS.

his account of the city. One of the three slabs is here reproduced from a photograph. But even the most hasty reference to this museum cannot ignore the wonderful series of funeral reliefs which were mostly found in and about the Cerameicus, the principal burial-ground of ancient Athens. More than almost any other extant remains, they reveal to us the place which art held in Athenian life. We have only to compare these with the tombstones and monuments of our own day to understand their significance. In that golden age the mason and the sculptor were one—at least, in aim. For even where the workmanship is inadequate the artistic endeavour, the true feeling, are always in evidence. Many of these reliefs are well known, but I give one of a maiden carrying a vase, which has only lately been found, and is still standing in the Street of Tombs. I have left myself barely space to mention the Polytechnic Museum, which contains the wonderful gold ornaments and other remains found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, and the similar treasures found elsewhere in Greece. The most recent addition to these examples of the art of prehistoric Greece, and, in some respects, the most valuable of all, are the gold cups found last year, near Sparta, by Mr. Tsountas, working on behalf of the Athenian Archaeological Society. The workmanship, in very bold relief, shows consummate skill, the design is full of life and vigour, and the cups are in marvellous preservation. On one is represented a hunt of wild bulls, on the other the same bulls yoked to the plough. The Polytechnic Museum contains also a collection of Greek vases, which, in the classes which illustrate the earlier developments of ceramic art, is unique.

On the many attractions of Athens, museums apart, I hardly need dwell. There is no more delightful place in the world in which to spend a few weeks of spring.

The climate is then all that an Englishman, flying from fog and snow and east wind, could desire—brilliant sunshine, without undue heat; an atmosphere of such radiance as to bring out all the rich colouring of sea and land, the golden brown of ancient temple, the glittering marble of which the Athenian of to-day builds his mansion, the warm grey tones and noble outlines of the surrounding mountains. When one is weary of museums and monuments, one may drive or ride through olive-groves, or over plains bright with green corn and gay flowers, to Eleusis or Marathon, or, nearer still, to enjoy the sea breezes at Phalerum. Marathon, Salamis, Ægina, and Sunium are each within a day's journey. Need one say more?

In a subsequent paper or papers I hope to give some impressions of travel in the interior of Greece.

A well-known picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the portrait of the Countess of Gower with her child, has been reproduced in a fine etching by M. Gaujean, issued by Messrs. Frost and Reed, publishers and print-sellers, of the Fine Art Gallery, Bristol and Clifton.

Some good monochrome drawings of the Himalayas, by Colonel H. C. B. Tanner, of the Indian Survey Department, were exhibited a few days ago at the reading of the Colonel's paper before the Royal Geographical Society. Colonel Tanner is one of the most active members of the department, and for many years his work has lain chiefly among the wildest portions of the Hindu Kush and the Himalaya mountains, from the confines of Kafiristan on the west to Nepal on the east. Some of the giant peaks depicted are over 25,000 ft. in height. The great mountain of Nangaparbat, near Astor, on the north-west of Kashmir, is one of the most remarkable among these, and probably one of the most striking peaks in the world. In one of his reports, Colonel Tanner says he was anxious to get a near view of Nangaparbat, and after a most perilous passage over a narrow rugged ridge, surrounded by enormous precipices, which tried his nerves to the utmost, he found himself confronted by what is probably the most magnificent snow view on the globe, embracing, as it does, a slope of nearly 24,000 ft. vertical measurement, with glaciers, snow fields, ice cliffs, and jagged needles of naked rock, extending from the summit of this king of mountains down to the Indus, flowing in a deep channel at its base. The Colonel says he is unable to convey an adequate description of the superb and impressive view, which he contemplated from the edge of a tremendous precipice, 16,000 ft. above the sea, and which rises sheer and unbroken from the forests and vineyards of Gor, situated at an immense depth below.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIRD NOTICE.

We must retrace our steps for a moment to speak of a few works of interest which are to be found in the earlier rooms. Foremost among these is Mr. Herkomer's diploma picture "On Strike" (77), a really strong study of the working-man halting between two views of life—his duty to his comrades and his duty to his family. Of the former motive we only see the trace in the sullen obstinacy of the man's face as he leans against the doorpost of his lodgings. His wife, with the baby in her arms, followed by an elder child, is urging the breadwinner to think of their hapless lot. Not content with conveying the mental struggle of the man, the artist has reproduced in the baby's face the expression of the father, and in that of the young girl the features of the mother. The strength of Mr. Herkomer's work, and the originality of the thought by which it is inspired, completely dwarf everything else in the room, except Mr. Orchardson's portrait of Mr. Walter Gilbey (82), which is also painted in a low key, brown being the predominant colour. Notwithstanding this self-imposed restriction, the result is one of the most characteristic pictures in the whole exhibition, the same artist's portrait of Sir Andrew B. Walker (430) alone being comparable to it, and in this, although the head is finished with great skill and painted with great solidity, the body is flat and weak to a fault. The other portraits in the first gallery include poor but representative works by Mr. Pettie, of Mrs. Freeman (14), very "steely" in colour; by Sir John Millais, of Mrs. Herbert Gibbs, in a cream-coloured dress, with a bowl of peonies beside her; and the cleverest and, at the same time, the boldest of Mr. Onless's works, a portrait of Colonel J. W. Malcolm, M.P. (72), of which almost the only fault is that the canvas is too much covered. To let others see how we seem to ourselves is a privilege highly appreciated—accorded to those who find a place in the portrait room of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence—the latest addition to which will be the genial face of our fellow-countryman Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., who well deserves the honour. Among the ladies' portraits in this room, those of Mrs. Lockett Agnew (57), by Mr. Luke Fildes; of Mrs. John Cameron Grant (64), by Mr. W. R. Symonds; and of Mrs. R. W. Macbeth, by her husband, introduced into the little scene "Badminton in the Studio" (49), are the most noteworthy.

Mr. Briton Rivière's "Triptych" (21-23)—of which Nimrod is the central figure, but the lions the more interesting feature—is a trifle obscure in its design. The best part of the work is the vigour thrown into the attitude of the "mighty hunter"; but the action of the off-side horse is not in harmony with his frenzied expression. In addition to those mentioned, we notice with pleasure such works as Mr. R. Meyerheim's "Between the Showers" (9), Mr. J. C. Hook's "Hit, but not Bagged" (33); Mr. L. B. Hurt's "Autumn Tints" (38), of which the colour is especially fine; Miss Cockerell's "Gretchen" (39); Mr. Yeend King's "Lass that Loved a Sailor" (71), a sort of Dutch landscape, in which the colours are more subdued than usual; and Mr. Bunny's "Sea-Idyll" (70), pleasant in idea and in tone, but rendered a little ludicrous by the suggestion that the seated mermaid in the foreground is for all the world like a young lady who is clinging to an anchor of which the flukes form her seat.

The pictures here reproduced need but little explanation. In each case the story is told with the clearness requisite in *genre* painting, and it would be absurd to suggest that in any case the artist has aimed higher, unless it be Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, whose treatment of "Ulysses and the Sirens" (475) revives the Homeric story of the birds with women's faces who hovered round the ship while making its perilous journey past the rock of Scylla. Mr. Waterhouse has adhered closely to the Homeric story in not limiting the number of these sea-nymphs, and represents Ulysses tied to the mast, and so unable to divert from their course the rowers, whose ears were stuffed with wax, and thus unable to hear the strains which would have lured them to destruction. Apart from archaeological research, the picture has great claims to our attention on account of its rich and perfect colouring. Mr. Fred. Morgan's "Willing Hand" (442) offers a very different version of sea life, in which simple sentiment takes the place of mythological adventure; while Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Assistance" (477) gives what may fairly be regarded as the prelude to the story which he told so dramatically in his last year's picture. There is in this work, as in much of the Newlyn school, a distinct effort to make heroism an act of every-day life, and to indicate the helpfulness of men. There is no suggestion of dramatic display or pose about the sailors who are quietly getting ready their boats to go to the succour of the ship in distress. One feels that the storm is raging, and that the enterprise is full of danger; but each man is at his post and is doing his duty with simplicity.

On the merits of Mr. Calderon's "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Renunciation" (226) opinions are hopelessly divided. The Council of the Royal Academy apparently consider it one of the best works of the year, for they have purchased it "in conformity with the terms of the Chantry Bequest." By others it is pronounced untrue historically and feebly dramatic in execution. The stern figure of

Conrad the priest, within whose bigot soul
Pity nor mercy dwelt,

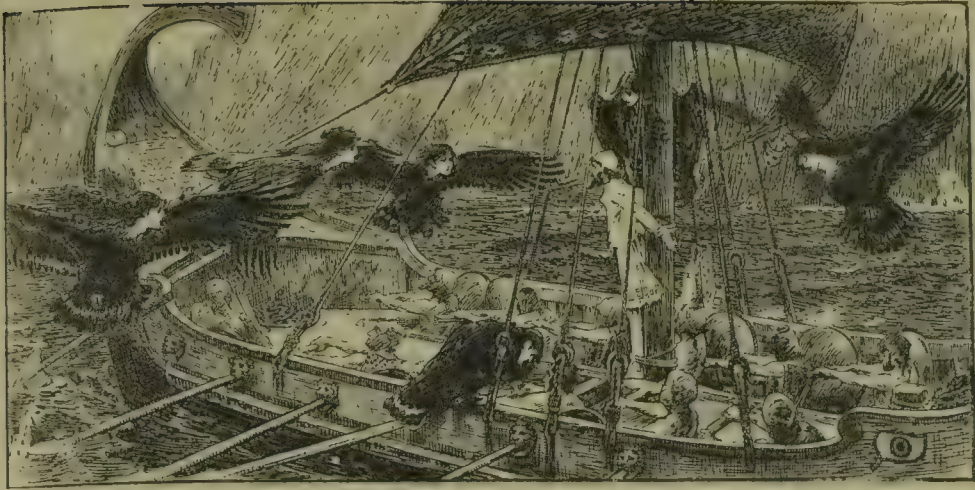
is perhaps the best figure in the composition. As for St. Elizabeth herself, Mr. Calderon can scarcely wish us to believe that the frail girl whom he depicts had been the mother of several children, and that she had been married nearly twenty years at the time of her death. The Hon. John Collier has also dived into the more unpleasant ways of the medieval Church, and revives the memories of the Inquisition (696) in a somewhat stagey fashion. The cleverest part of the work is the play of light upon the faces of the three inquisitors, who seem to be discussing some mundane topic, while awaiting the arrival of the accused. Mr. E. Blair Leighton is a clever master of figure-drawing, and, to judge from his present work (558), as indifferent to the "unities" of time and place as the young lady seems to be to the inequalities of rank; but in this, as in Mr. G. A. Storey's "Milliner's Bill" (356), it is rather by the composition and technical merits that we are attracted than by any special novelty of thought or treatment.

Before entering upon a review of the works in the "Salle d'Honneur," as the third room is regarded, we take occasion to make a remark which is applicable generally to contemporary art. The motto prefixed to this year's catalogue seems to us to be the reverse of felicitous: "La mission de l'art n'est pas de copier la nature, mais de l'exprimer." The quotation is from the writings of the French novelist Balzac, who, in his famous "Human Comedy," fully carried out this principle in his subtle analysis of motive and character: but it is wholly inapplicable to a time when artists who do not actually rely upon the camera for assistance are, nevertheless, thoroughly imbued with the photographic method of painting. If ever there was a period at which nature was copied directly, instead of being filtered through the artist's mind, it is the present. Therefore, the watchword given by the Council must be accepted rather as a warning than as the keynote of the present exhibition.



AN ATHENIAN MAIDEN (CERAMEICUS, ATHENS).

near the Erechtheum about four years ago, and came to students of Athenian art as a revelation. Archaeologists are still in doubt as to whether they represent Athena or successive priestesses of Athena, or are simply votive figures. But the personal interest they have excited, and still excite, has found expression in the familiar nickname "the Aunts," which is, in Athens, commonly applied to the group. There are upwards of twenty figures, some all but perfect, and bearing, when first discovered, vivid traces of colour on dress, face, and hair; others more or less mutilated. In treatment and dress there is a striking similarity, but yet such differences as reveal a gradual development in artistic skill. The later examples reach a very high standard of art, and have a singular charm which strongly suggests the idea of actual portraiture. Earlier than these, and quite unique, are the extraordinary representations of the three-headed monster, and of Heracles struggling with Geryon. These, again, were richly coloured. In quite another style is the beautiful little relief,



"ULYSSES AND THE SIRENS."—BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.



"A WILLING HAND."—BY FRED. MORGAN.



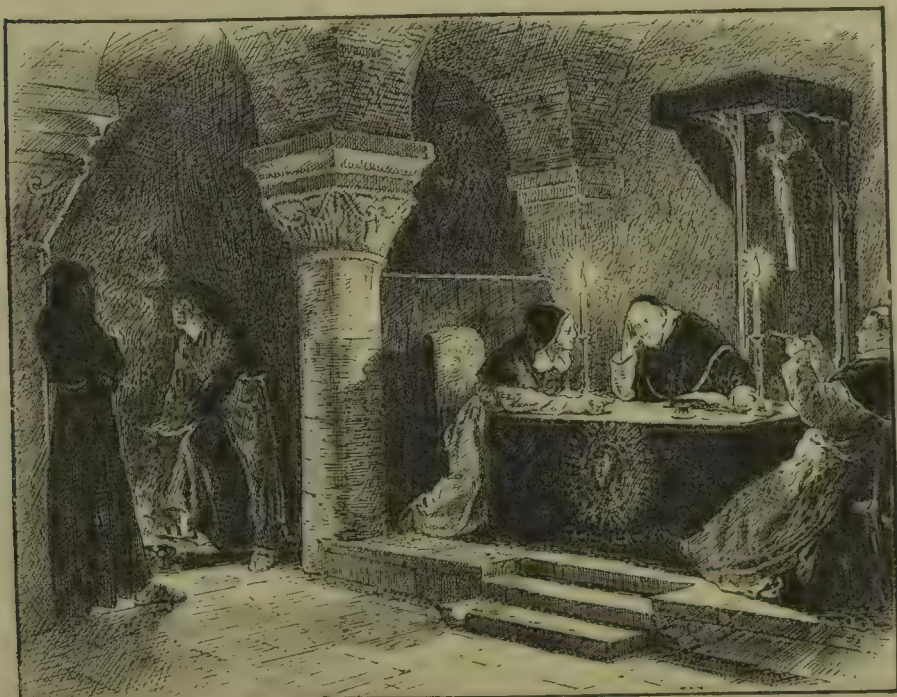
"ASSISTANCE."—BY FRANK BRANGWYN.



"ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY'S GREAT ACT OF RENUNCIATION."—P. H. CALDERON, R.A.



"LAY THY SWEET HAND IN MINE, AND TRUST IN ME."—E. BLAIR LEIGHTON.
(With the permission of the owner of the Copyright.)



"THE INQUISITION: WAITING FOR THE ACCUSED."—BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



"THE MILLINER'S BILL."—BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

LITERATURE.

THE ART OF LITERATURE.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.

There is something in what Schopenhauer* wrote to startle the literary conscience of our time. In an age given over-much to gathering and arranging knowledge, to specialism in study, to minute research, to details of scholarship, it is well to hear a plea for a different and a higher method. The Martha in literature who is troubled about many things fills a busy day with work; but "one thing is needful"—the contemplative attitude, the vision of life as a whole, a direct and vital relation with truth, the freedom of Mary from narrow cares and a bustling will. That Schopenhauer failed to realise his own ideal this volume abundantly shows. He is far from being a pure channel for thoughts and things; his mind is far from being an unruffled mirror of the world. His scornful, sensitive temper everywhere betrays itself. He hates the official man of letters, and counts him his enemy; he hates the professorial class; he finds that the public is "mostly fools"; he is impatient, indignant, resentful. But, at least, he perceives the true nature of genius—the vital element in literature and art—and he does it honour. He understands aright the paradox of Genius, that is at once individual and impersonal; each eminent spirit reflects the spectacle of the world in its own unique way, yet each, while yielding its complete self to the task of the artist, is no more than a passive instrument of the impersonal influences of beauty, passion, truth. The saints assure us that in the religious sphere he who loses his life alone can save it. The artists, if they would tell their secret, might, in like manner, acknowledge that only he who becomes a pure mirror for the universe can ever express in art his deepest personality.

Such is Schopenhauer's chief doctrine with respect to literature, and it is intimately connected with the central principles of his philosophy. "A genius," he says, "has a double intellect—one for himself and the service of his will; the other for the world, of which he becomes the mirror, in virtue of his purely objective attitude towards it." This double intellect of genius necessarily obstructs the service of the will, and so genius often shows a poor capacity in the conduct of life. The life of the imagination, the life of the idea, is the real life of thinker and of artist; that of the household, the market, or the mart is but a shadow. In the turmoil of war with republican France, Goethe occupies himself with his "Theory of Colours." This, cries Schopenhauer in his religious way, is an example "which we, the salt of the earth, should endeavour to follow, by never letting anything disturb us in the pursuit of our intellectual life, however much the storm of the world may invade and agitate our personal environment, always remembering that we are the sons, not of the bondwoman, but of the free."

For the journeymen of literature, children of the bondwomen, who toil to satisfy the material needs of life, Schopenhauer has a haughty disdain. These, who use the head not in the service of ideas, but in the service of the belly, are serfs—*gleba adscripti*. "My head," he writes, "shall try to comprehend the wondrous and varied spectacle of this world, and then reproduce it in some form, whether as art or as literature, that may answer to my character as an individual." The true author cares only for his subject; he has thought before he begins to write; he has something to say; he tries to say it as purely, clearly, definitely, and shortly as possible; his style is free from vagueness and indecision; he does not care for loopholes, qualifications, saving clauses; he has attained to insight; he does not overvalue information; and he can never be a specialist.

LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.

A large and complete work, on a big and yearly growing topographical topic, is published by Mr. Murray, in three goodly volumes, containing altogether nearly eighteen hundred pages of close print, which will be a monument of the antiquarian and literary industry of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and a sufficient book of reference for this and the next generation. "London, Past and Present," is based on the meritorious work, formerly not inadequate, of Mr. Peter Cunningham, the "Handbook of London," published in 1849, a revision and extension of which, undertaken by his brother, Colonel Cunningham, and subsequently by Mr. James Thorne, still remained in an unfinished state. Mr. Wheatley has performed the laborious task with consummate diligence, making valuable additions and needful alterations to notice the great changes of the past forty years in London streets and buildings. He has received assistance from Mr. Wyatt Papworth, Mr. R. B. Prosser, Mr. W. Rendle, the historian of Southwark, Mr. R. F. Sketchley, Mr. Philip Norman, Mr. J. E. Gardner, and others conversant with parts of the subject. The alphabetical arrangement has been retained in this encyclopedia of London topography; some of the articles occupy several pages, others not more than a dozen lines, with a concise and exact description of each place, and a record of its historical or biographical associations, followed in many instances by short quotations from old authors, chroniclers, dramatists, novelists, memoir-writers, and letter-writers, alluding to the place. It is pleasant to find these extracts in turning over the pages, and to meet our old friends, successive luminaries of English literature, strolling around St. Paul's, taking boat on the Thames, or turning out of chambers in Gray's Inn or the Temple, or sitting in a Fleet Street tavern, or in modern times frequenting Pall Mall, Piccadilly, the Albany, Mayfair, and the fashionable squares near the parks of the West-End.

The biographical index of names alone fills sixty-three pages, and must contain those of five or six thousand persons, whose residences or occasional visits are in most cases identified, usually with the precise or approximate date. Plenty of entertaining anecdotes, if not expressly related, are thus recalled to the remembrance of readers acquainted with social and literary history; and walking at once through centuries of past time, and over some miles of metropolitan thoroughfares, crowded with the figures of people of different classes, from princes, nobles, lawyers, merchants, clergymen, poets, artists, scholars, wits, fine gentlemen and ladies, to notorious swindlers, thieves, traitors, and other criminals, with the different costumes and manners of their respective periods, from the Plantagenet reigns to that of Queen Victoria, we feel that "London, Past and Present," is a bewildering congregation of various human lives. This sensation is much enhanced, in the retrospect, by the shifting

character of particular localities in the transference of luxury, gaiety, elegant habits of life, and the display of opulence, from one quarter to another, especially during the last two hundred years, leaving to commercial traffic, to dull drudgery, or even to squalid poverty, the localities once inhabited by stately and dignified persons. Off the main line of streets from Charing Cross to the Monument, and apart from the magnificence of business establishments in the City, there is little now to remind us that some of our most distinguished countrymen actually lived in the W.C. and E.C. districts, and that several eminent men of the nineteenth century were born there. Bloomsbury, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Clerkenwell, Pentonville, the City Road, Finsbury, Moorfields, Bishopsgate, and even Smithfield, have contributed, between the Elizabethan and the Georgian eras, in the reversed order of their prosperity, natives who achieved an enduring renown in the annals of English literature, learning, statesmanship, and public enterprise. Similar traditions will, of course, be connected, in future times, with the fair and commodious western and north-western districts; they have already enriched Kensington and Chelsea with many inspiring associations; Belgravia and Tyburnia, as they are handsome, will become classical in their turn. This valuable book will be deservedly esteemed far into the next century, and may still be consulted as a trustworthy record of London up to the present time.

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S NOVEL.

There and Back. By George Macdonald. Three vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.)—Some of Mr. Macdonald's readers may be prepared by their own religious persuasion, the merits or grounds of which need scarcely be here discussed, to feel much sympathy with the views profusely advocated in this and several preceding novels, with regard to essential ideas of the Christian faith, and their operation in elevating and sweetening human life. These sentiments will not be disparaged, nor shall we deny the force and truth of the author's frequent comments on many other themes of high interest, philosophical, ethical, and social, if we reluctantly point out



MATTHEW PRIOR'S HOUSE AT WIMBORNE.

the defects of his work, considered simply as a story, whether judged by originality of plot, substantiality of individual characters, or likelihood of the incidents narrated. Mr. George Macdonald's earlier tales—"David Elginbrod," "Robert Falconer," and "Alec Forbes of Howgreen"—contained portraits of quaint Scottish provincial eccentricities which few writers in his time have surpassed; and those who could appreciate their humorous exhibition, finding it both pleasant and wholesome, may be permitted to regret that their entertainment was soon cut off by a tendency to mystic idealism, and a habit of importunate preaching, which English novel-readers generally do not much like. They ought not to like it, for everything has its proper place; sermons in the pulpit, rapturous visions in poetry, and in common prose fiction, if you please, a consistent and probable series of actions and events, illustrating the ordinary behaviour and experiences of people in this world. Where this is done with a new and interesting combination of incidents, and with the introduction of personages who seem to be fit types of human character not so distinctly recognised before, we have a good novel, which may indirectly convey its share of moral instruction.

We cannot say, indeed, that Mr. George Macdonald's latest work is one answering such requirements; for its plot is a very stale invention, that of the wicked elderly baronet with three families of children, some illegitimate, by different mothers, and the long-lost son, kidnapped and brought up to the trade of a bookbinder, who is ultimately discovered lawful heir to the title and estate. Sir Wilton Lestrangle is an unnatural father, a domestic tyrant, an incarnation of cynical malevolence, whose conduct is so repulsive as to cast a gloom over the whole story. Lady Ann, his high-born second wife, is a mean and sordid intriguer. Richard Tuke, who afterwards proves to be his eldest son, Richard Lestrangle, identified by his congenital deformity of webbed fingers and toes, is the brave, honest, intelligent youth, Nature's own gentleman, who has acquired high literary and aesthetic culture, but has imbibed democratic opinions, during his London apprenticeship to honest handicraft. With persons of these descriptions, in more or less similar mutual relations, the perusal of many domestic romances has already made us sufficiently acquainted. Richard is, of course, the hero performing manly acts of fidelity and generosity bestowing his affections

on a good and spirited young lady, Barbara Wylder, heiress to a large fortune, and succouring his half-sister and half-brother, Alice and Arthur Manson, who were left in peril of dying by starvation. Now Barbara and Richard, one after the other, and partly by the influence of one over the other, with some help from that estimable clergyman Mr. Wingfold, arrived at the knowledge of true religion, is an edifying addition to their love-story, quite in the author's vein of didactic exhortation. From a worldly point of view it is to be observed that Sir Richard Lestrangle, inheriting the fine estate of Mortgrange, and wedding Barbara with all her charms and riches, is a lucky young man after all. He has a grand old library in which he can restore the exquisite antique bindings of precious old folios; a brisk little wife from New Zealand, who gallops across country and shoes her own mare at the blacksmith's; and a converted Pagan mother-in-law, who has been cured of all her vices—opium, reading French novels in the church pew, profane cursing and swearing, even threatening her parson's life with a pistol—

Bella, immortal, benefica
Fede, al trionfi avvezza!

This consummation is something like the "Walk, Life, and Triumph of Faith."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Miss Ellen Nussey's "Brontë Letters," whether they be published this year or ten years hence, will prove of very considerable moment to any future biographer of the Brontë family. They will clear up the vexed question of Charlotte Brontë's real feelings towards her Brussels Professor, M. Héger, and they will lay bare, in a manner that has never yet been attempted, the actual circumstances leading up to Charlotte's marriage with her father's curate, Mr. Bell Nicholls.

Dr. Wright, of the Bible Society, who has been spoken of as the editor of the "Brontë Letters," comes from that very district of Ireland which gave birth to Patrick Brontë and his numerous brothers and sisters. Some day, perhaps, Dr. Wright will publish a book treating of the early life of Patrick Brontë, a subject as to which we at present owe most of our knowledge to Mr. Leyland. Dr. Wright tells how, when the famous *Quarterly Review* article on "Jane Eyre" appeared, one of Charlotte's uncles—a true Irish Brontë—came to London armed with a blackthorn, which he had sworn to break upon the head of the too severe reviewer.

Let no one say again that the short story in its highest developments is peculiar to France and the United States. Some seven pages of the *Fortnightly Review* for May are taken up with a story by Mr. Thomas Hardy which may fairly be described as one of the finest and most powerful pieces of writing which that fine and powerful writer has given us. This same *Fortnightly* has an article by Mr. Swinburne on Sir Walter Scott's "Journal." Needless is it to say that in Mr. Swinburne's eulogy of "the first literary hero and favourite of our earliest reading years" there are flashes of illumination and of insight. But what is gained by reference to the "abject unmanliness and disloyalty" which "dishonour the names and degrade the memories" of Coleridge and Keats! And does not a reference to Carlyle as "a flatterer of Scott while alive and a backbiter of Scott when dead"—an utterly untrue statement of Carlyle's attitude towards Scott—some-what recall the treatment which Carlyle has received from the poet, who, when Carlyle lived, wrote of him as

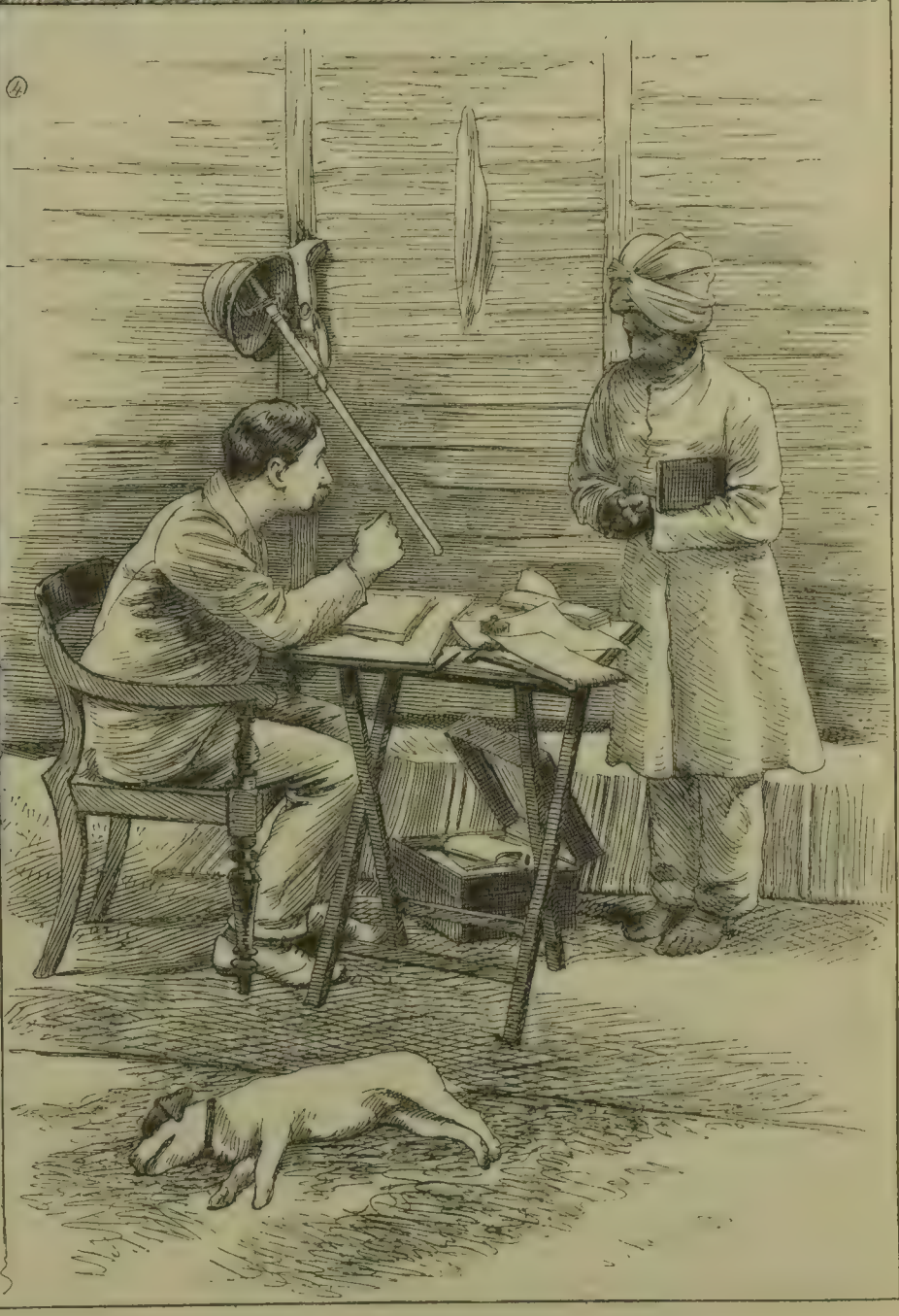
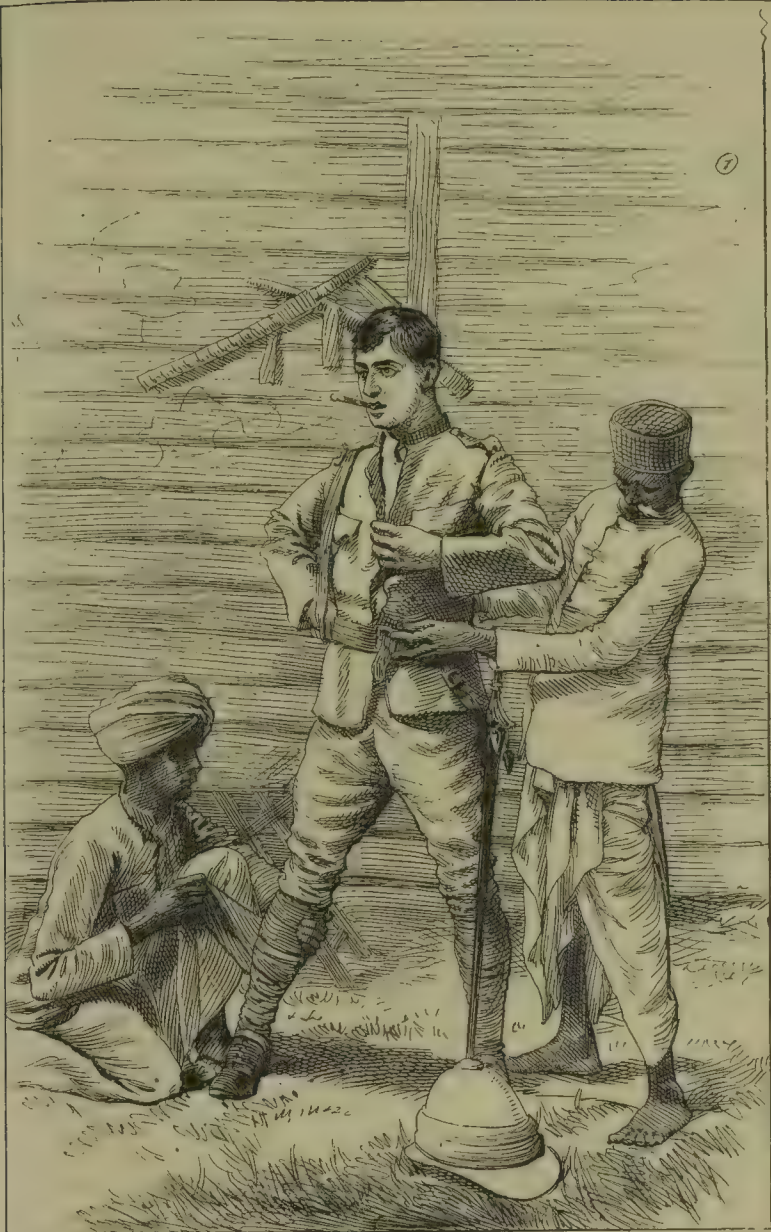
Great and wise, clear-souled, and high of heart?

Every visitor to Bournemouth should make a point, as I have done, of running over to Wimborne, not only on account of its minster, its clock, and its interesting chained library, but because of its traditional association with Matthew Prior, who, indeed, is asserted to have burnt a hole in one of the books in the library—Raleigh's "History of the World"—while reading it by candle light, and to have restored the consumed places by filling in the holes with paper, and writing in the whole of the missing text from memory. It is far from certain that Prior was borne at Wimborne. The whole matter is discussed by Mr. Austin Dobson in his delightful little edition of Prior's "Selected Poems" in the "Parchment Library." But one is shown the house of which Mr. Herbert Railton supplies me with a sketch.

During the Third Empire the late Prince Jérôme was given the task of editing the letters of Napoleon I., and those which he judged of too intimate or private a nature to be published remained finally in his possession, and form not the least interesting portion of the papers he has left to the discretion of those tried friends to destroy or publish as they think best. Long correspondences with Kossuth, Cavour, and Bismarck—literally hundreds of letters, and all neatly docketed according to date and subject—were also found at Prangins, but will not be made use of by M. Frédéric Masson, to whom the task of actually preparing and writing the Prince's Life has been confided. The volume will deal only with Napoleon Jérôme's political career, and contain no allusion to his domestic life.

New Books and New Editions to Hand.—"Forty Years in a Moorland Parish: Reminiscences and Researches in Danby in Cleveland," by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson (Macmillan); "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay," with notes by W. C. Ward, Vol. 2 (Vizetelly); "Herodotus," translated by Henry Cary; the first volume of a series entitled "Sir John Lubbock's Hundred Books" (G. Routledge and Sons); "In Scripture Lands: New Views of Sacred Places," by Edward L. Wilson (Religious Tract Society); "Swiss Pictures," by the Rev. S. Manning, revised and partly rewritten by the Rev. S. G. Green (Religious Tract Society); "Viscount Hardinge," by his son and private secretary in India, Charles Viscount Hardinge, "Rulers of India Series" (Clarendon Press); "The Student's Manual of Greek Tragedy," by A. W. Verrall (Swan Sonnenschein); "Tahiti, the Garden of the Pacific," by Dora Hott (F. Fisher Unwin); "Theory of the Chess Openings," by C. H. D. Gossip, second edition, revised and improved with all the latest theoretical discoveries up to date (W. H. Allen and Co.); "Intentions," by Oscar Wilde (James R. Osgood and Co.); "A New England Nun, and Other Stories," by Mary E. Wilkins (James R. Osgood and Co.); "Posthumous Works of De Quincey," edited by A. H. Japp, Vol. 1 (William Heinemann); "Our Canine Companions, in Health and Disease," by J. Woodroffe Hill (Swan Sonnenschein); "History of the Old Water Colour Society, now the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours," by John Lewis Roget, 2 vols. (Longmans); "George Meredith: A Study," by Hannah Lynch (Methuen); "Early Days Recalled," by Janet Ross (Chapman and Hall); "A Book of Verses," by W. E. Henley, third edition (David Nutt); "A Girl in the Karpethians," by Mécie Muriel Dowie (G. Philip and Son); "The Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon" (Chatto and Windus); "Academy Notes," by Henry Blackburn (Chatto and Windus); "Grey Days and Gold," by William Winter (David Douglas).

* *The Art of Literature.* A Series of Essays by Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and Translated, with a Preface, by T. Bailey Saunders, M.A. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.



1. Dressing for morning parade.

2. After parade.

3. Preparing the regimental pay bills for the month.

4. Disputing the week's account with the "boy."

AN OFFICER'S LIFE IN BURMAH.



THE BARREN PEAKS, MILFORD SOUND, NEW ZEALAND.



TE ANAU, ONE OF THE NEW ZEALAND LAKES: MOUNT OILÉ, FROM BOTANIST BAY.



A SIBERIAN COSSACK.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The Psychical Society discharges a most useful function. It either proves that there is "something in" all the pleasant old beliefs which Progress thinks she has exploded, or it proves that we are not so very progressive after all, but capable of our ancient credulities. Either conclusion is dear to a mind which thinks that tradition has a good deal to say for itself.

These rather general remarks are suggested by Mrs. Sidgwick's article on "The Evidence for Clairvoyance" in the society's "Proceedings" for April. Clairvoyance is an attractive object of belief—first, because it annihilates time and space; next, because faith in it is such an ancient faith. The clairvoyant can see the Spanish Fleet, even when it is not in sight. If even a few persons can do this, then there is a prospect that, some day, we "may not feel the bonds of time, nor know the manacles of space." Anything which tends to show that we may be tolerably comfortable though unconditioned is to be welcomed by persons who detest the tyranny of facts, and rebel against the so-called universal law of gravitation. Anything which demonstrates that miracles or their equivalents do or may occur is a source of disinterested enjoyment to persons who wish that science had never been invented.

Now, clairvoyance, as we shall see, is full of promises of this kind. Again, belief in clairvoyance is very old, and so is the darling of a truly conservative character. Where do we not meet clairvoyants, called seers, in our old English? Eskimo, Iroquois, Greeks, Highlanders, Australians, Scandinavians—they all have their seers, or prophets, or second-sighted people. Mr. Pepys and Dr. Johnson made psychical researches about the Scotch second-sight, but they did not pursue the subject with the patient minuteness of Mrs. Sidgwick. In a book, privately printed, a posthumous work, the late Mr. Leslie gives some very good examples of Zulu clairvoyance. Mr. Leslie, a missionary, wished to know what the fortunes of his lost companions were: the Zulu clairvoyant saw them, and told correctly the story of their adventures. Sometimes a crystal ball is used; sometimes, as in Egypt, the clairvoyant looks into a drop of ink, or, as among the Maoris, into a drop of blood. But one prefers vision which is ordinary, yet unthwarted by time and space; there is something less artificial about it. Among Mrs. Sidgwick's examples the following seems to be the most interesting. First, as to the evidence. The occurrences were in 1863. An unnamed person, W. B. H., heard the tale from Mr. Wilmot, one of the persons concerned, wrote the story down, and had it corrected by Mr. Wilmot. In 1889 W. B. H. says that his version was prepared "several years ago." How many are "several"? How very careless are these collectors of evidence! Let us state "several," at a guess, as seven years. This fixes the preparation of the manuscript in 1882. Now, the events (if any) occurred in 1863. So here we have a gap of some twenty years between what occurred and its record. I am capable of believing almost anything myself, but it is only sportsmanlike to point out this defect in the evidence, which has not escaped the observation of Mrs. Sidgwick. What occurred, or rather what the persons concerned now, after a number of years, believe to have occurred, was this. Mr. Wilmot left Liverpool for New York on Oct. 3, 1863. They had a terrible passage; saw neither star nor sun for nine days and nights. On the ninth night, Mr. Wilmot dreamed that his wife, who was in America, came into his cabin in her nightdress, "hesitated a little," kissed him, and withdrew. When Mr. Wilmot woke, his cabin mate, a Mr. Tait, chafed him on being visited by a lady but scantily attired and of affectionate disposition. Thrice did Mr. Tait aver that he had seen such a lady as Mr. Wilmot had dreamed of. But Mr. Tait, unluckily, is dead, and cannot be called as a witness, even by the Psychical Society, in the present imperfect state of our relations with the next world. This is, perhaps, the chief defect in the evidence. Well, Mr. Wilmot reached Watertown, Conn., where Mrs. Wilmot said to him, "Did you receive a visit from me a week ago, Tuesday?" meaning "on Tuesday." "A visit from you?" said Mr. Wilmot: "we were more than a thousand miles at sea!" But Mrs. Wilmot had dreamed she visited Mr. Wilmot's berth, at the very time when he dreamed of her, and when Mr. Tait, being awake, saw her in their cabin. She described how Mr. Tait, "a man in the upper berth," was awake and looked at her, and she gave a good account of the steamer. Finally, Miss Wilmot, who was on board ship with her brother, remembers that Mr. Tait asked her if she had visited Mr. Wilmot, and said he had seen some woman in white. Her letter is undated.

This is a very remarkable story. There are two simple hypotheses—one is that Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Wilmot are all joking or all mystified; the other is that some lady on board the ship did actually have this affectionate interview with Mr. Wilmot, that he invented his dream, and that Mrs. Wilmot's dream—well, how are we to account for that? Even on this cynical theory, the coincidence is too startling; and I suppose that nobody will hold the cynical theory. But, granting that all three witnesses are honest and accurate, and that in some twenty years imagination has played no part, has had no stroke in the battle—what follows? Why, to my humble thinking, it follows that Mrs. Wilmot's spiritual body, spoken of by St. Paul, was actually present and visible in the ship's cabin. It seems to be far from scientific to aver that Mr. Tait—who was wide awake—was, or could be, so impressed by Mr. Wilmot's mind as to see, with open eyes, what Mr. Wilmot was seeing in a dream. Mr. Myers himself admits that a Briton, at least, cannot be hypnotised "without his full knowledge and consent." But, on the "telepathic" hypothesis, Mr. Tait, wide awake, was hypnotised by the sleeping Mr. Wilmot into seeing what was not there—namely, the figure of Mrs. Wilmot. This explanation really does seem a great deal too meagre. A is asleep, and dreams of B, therefore C, who is awake, sees B. No miracle can be more portentously and incredibly miraculous. No, no; if the story is true, Mrs. Wilmot's "spiritual body" was in that cabin. We may call it "a centre of phantasmogenetic efficacy" if we like, but it was a spiritual body or nothing at all. "A centre of phantasmogenetic efficacy" is a mere phrase, worthy of Molière's physicians. Thus, on the whole, we either have here a fine dramatic invention, or we have a proof of the truth of the oldest beliefs. I have just been reading a novel, in which an Icelandic witch appears at sea to the man she loves and to his friend, though she is really on shore, in the Orkneys. It sounds a wild invention, but, if Mrs. Wilmot could do it, why should not Swanchild, Asmund's daughter? And if Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Tait could see Mrs. Wilmot, who was a thousand miles away, why should not Eric and Skallagrim see Swanchild? It is thus that psychical science proves the difficulties of inventing a marvel without a precedent. By the way, an American gentleman has lately photographed an Indian conjuror doing the mango-tree trick. He saw the tree, but the camera did not. It produced a photograph of the juggler without the tree. Thus the audience must have been "hypnotised" into seeing what did not exist, and glamour is a fact, and miracles occur.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

HERRWARTH.—The second is much the better of the two positions, and shall receive further attention.

G. F. BURNOWS.—We cannot reply by post, and in any case the problem would be of no use.

V. AVIZ Y DEL PRADO (Pamplona).—Solutions given in the French notation will be quite acceptable, as it would be rather difficult to make our English method plain in a short note.

W. R. (Perth).—The correction unfortunately comes too late.

SORRENTO (Dawlish).—We much regret that an oversight should have wasted so much of your time.

F. J. M. (King's Lynn).—The new first move is a great improvement, and if you will send us your name and address, the problem will likely be published.

A. CURROCK (Exeter Hall).—Thanks for card.

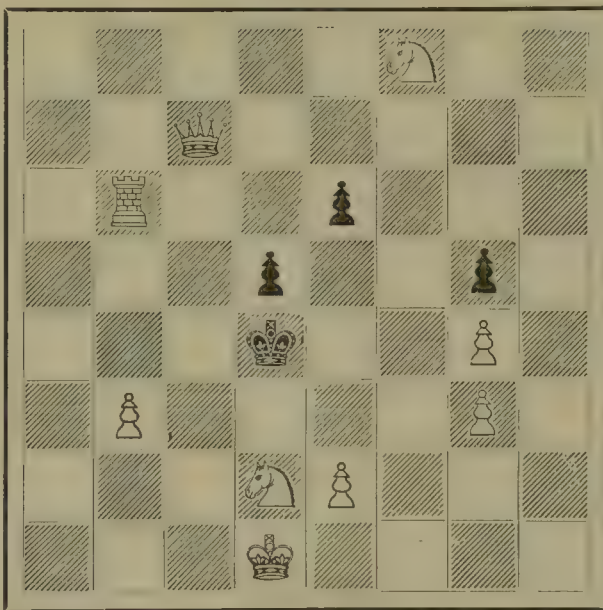
NOTE.—We cannot answer any letters by post, neither can we undertake to return rejected contributions.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2450 received from Dr. A. V. Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2451 from F. J. M., An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), G. B. Hewitt (Bombay), and E. L. Stevens (Baton Rouge, U.S.A.); of No. 2452 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), F. J. M., and E. L. Stevens; of No. 2453 from W. Barrett; of No. 2454 from W. R. B. Sorrento (Dawlish), and W. Barrett; of No. 2455 from G. A. Plaister, Anglin, W. Barrett, R. Tidmarsh, W. Skinner, E. G. Boys, C. E. Porugini, Captain J. A. Challice, Z. Ingold, and W. Hanrahan (Rush).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2456 received from Sorrento (Dawlish), C. A. Plaister, R. H. Brooks, J. Carter Hart, Dr. F. St. Dawn, Monty, C. M. A. B., E. Louden, A. C. J. W. Blagg, J. C. Ireland, A. W. Mole, I. Schlu (Vienna), R. A. Arnott, W. H. Reed, J. W. Winters (Canterbury), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), R. L. Muggavey, E. P. Vulliamy, Bradford, W. David (Cardiff), Spec, B. D. Knox, J. Coud, M. Burke, N. Harris, W. Wright, A. Newman, Martin P. W. R. B. Fr. Fernando, C. E. Porugini, W. R. Raitlen, J. Ross, H. B. Harford, D. McCoy (Galway), T. Roberts, E. G. Boys, Alpha, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Thomas Chown, Blair H. Cochrane, Mrs. Wilson, W. Barrett, Columbus, H. S. B. G. Joicey, H. Jackson, Anglin, Fitz-Warain (Exeter), and R. Blackall (Southend).

PROBLEM No. 2454.—By W. ROBERTSON.
WHITE.
1. K to R 6th
If Black play 1. K to B 2nd, there is no Mate in two more moves.

PROBLEM No. 2458.
By MISS LILIAN BAIRD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following is one of the two games played in the recent telegraphic match between Messrs. STEINITZ and TSCHEGORIN. Notes by G. B. Fraser.

(Two Knights Defence).

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	3. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
4. Kt to K 5th	P to Q 4th	4. Kt to K 5th	P to Q 4th
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th	5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th
6. B to Q K 5th (ch)	P to Q B 3rd	6. B to Q K 5th (ch)	P to Q B 3rd
7. P takes P	P takes P	7. P takes P	P takes P
8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd
9. Kt to K R 3rd		9. Kt to K R 3rd	

This is the move which White maintains to be superior to that usually played here—Kt to K B 3rd, and upheld by the books as well as by his opponent.

10. P to Q 3rd

Black might also have played Q to Kt 3rd; but on examination it will be found much less effective than it looks—e.g., Q to Kt 3rd; 11. Castles, P to K Kt 4th; 12. Kt to B 3rd, P to K 5th; 13. Kt to B 4th, Q to B 2nd; 14. Kt takes B, P takes Kt; 15. P to K R 3rd, with a good game.

11. Kt to Q B 3rd

It was supposed that White, instead of the text move, would have played P to Q B 3rd. But, as has been pointed out by Mr. Steinitz in the *Tribune*, the result would not have improved his game, for after Q to R 3rd, 12. P to Q Kt 4th, B takes Kt P; 13. P takes B, Q to Q 5th, and although White gains two minor pieces for a Rook, his position is by no means comfortable.

12. Kt to Q 4th

White expected his opponent to break up the King's side by B takes Kt, P takes B, 12. Kt to Q 4th, B to K B sq., &c., but no ultimate advantage seems to arise from his so playing.

13. Kt to Q 4th

This retreat is apt to provoke a smile, but it is in strict accordance with one of the leading principles of the player of the White forces.

14. P to Q B 3rd

Black now threatens P to Q B 4th, followed by Q to K sq.

15. P to Q 4th

16. P to Q B 4th

17. Q to K B 3rd

White has now an excellent game. Although the text move is a very good one, Mr. Steinitz thinks that P to Q Kt 3rd would have been still better.

18. P to K 3rd

19. B to Q Kt 3rd

20. B to Q Kt 2nd

These Pawns are beginning to assume a very threatening aspect.

21. Q to B 2nd

A move which, doubtless, took his opponent by surprise; but it is questionable.

22. Q to B 2nd

The annual dinner of the City of London Chess Club came off at the Salvation Tavern, Newgate Street, on Tuesday, May 5, and was a great success. The president, Mr. Kershaw, occupied the chair, and was supported by Mr. Steel, of Calcutta, Mr. Blackburne, Mr. Frankenstein, and the Rev. G. A. Macdonell. Mr. Frankenstein's new and valuable prize was exhibited in the room, and Mr. Steel presented for competition another prize of ten guineas.

A proposal is on foot among American chess-players to present a testimonial to Mr. Steinitz in commemoration of his twenty-fifth anniversary as champion. European sympathisers with the movement may address themselves to Dr. Fred Muntz, Manhattan Chess Club, 31, West Twenty-Seventh Street, New York.

We are requested to say that the publishers of the seventh edition of Mr. Mortimer's "Chess-Player's Pocket-Book," to which we referred lately, are Messrs. Sampson Low and Marsden.

An exhibition of simultaneous play was given by Mr. Mason at the Exeter Hall Chess Club on April 29, when, out of eighteen games played, he won eleven, drew six, and lost one.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

We appear to be passing through another epidemic of influenza. As I write, reports of numerous severe, and even fatal, cases are arriving from various quarters of the kingdom. I suppose we may rightly attribute the influenza to the multiplication within our tissues of a specific germ. Whether it is an infectious trouble and is propagated from those attacked to healthy persons, or whether it is a disease which, like typhoid fever or cholera, owes its increase to the fact that each patient receives the germs from a common source (air, water, or the like) are debatable points, I believe. What we do know is that it spreads rapidly enough, in whatever fashion its propagation occurs. Last year I went to bed in perfect health, in my hotel at Leeds, when on a Gilchrist lecture tour, and woke at 2 a.m. with a high temperature, a splitting headache, and aches and pains all over my frame. I dosed myself at first with salicylate of soda, but, in view of my lecture-tour having to be carried on at all risks, I adopted a more heroic treatment, and fled to champagne, which, as a friend remarked, was a decidedly pleasant but expensive form of medicament. All that forenoon I slept and dosed in a half-stupefied state (not due to the champagne), and then I started for Goole in the afternoon, feeling in that frame of mind in which all the affairs and interests of life and living have vanished away. I contrived to discharge my duties at Goole that evening, and after a dose of antipyrin went to bed, and woke up, after a terrific perspiration, with the headache gone, fortunately, but otherwise weak and languid. I returned to Leeds, and then made the compound tincture of cinchona (an old and respectable preparation of barks) the sheet-anchor of the after-treatment; although I paid for my good resolution in sticking to work in a very typical crop of "cold-spots," with which my physiognomy became duly adorned.

Nothing can be done in the way of preventing influenza attack, I should say, save to practise that one invaluable rule of personal life—keep up a high standard of the general health. Amateur attempts at treatment turn out dismal failures, as a rule; therefore, it is wise to "consult the faculty" at an early stage. I did not consult the faculty in my own case, for the best of all reasons—that, doubtless, I should have been ordered to keep to bed; and, in my position, such an edict would have been equivalent (in the matter of a week's lectures) to stopping the play of "Hamlet" because the chief character could not appear. I will say, however, that I do not think anything equals the tincture of cinchona above-named as a safe tonic for picking oneself up after the event; and, if any of my readers are in "parlous straits" for want of such a stimulant when the influenza has left them stranded and weak, I recommend them to give this old-fashioned remedy a trial. If influenza is caused by a microbe, it becomes interesting to speculate how and why one attack does not confer an immunity from subsequent attacks. In this latter respect—assuming that I am correct in saying that one attack is not protective against others—it presents little analogy with many other ailments of feverish type, and may, perhaps, be regarded as resembling more nearly in character the hay-fever and head-colds, which, unfortunately, come and go at their own sweet will.

At the risk of making this week's "Jottings" savour strongly of sanitary matters, I must make reference to a report submitted by Dr. Blaxall to the Local Government Board, and dealing with a matter of supreme importance to Londoners. Dr. Blaxall deals with sanitary matters in the neighbourhood or district of Staines, which, by all accounts, demands a speedy and thorough overhaul as regards its sanitation. This is bad enough in view of what the district itself exhibits, but worse remains to be told. The subsoil water of Staines district, befouled by sewage, passes into the Thames. The river in the neighbourhood of Sunbury receives the sewage, and below Sunbury, on the south bank of the river, "are situated the pumping stations of certain great London water companies." I have italicised Dr. Blaxall's words in order to draw attention to the fact that London is therefore liable to receive the decomposing sewage of the Staines district as part and parcel of its water-supply. Now, that this state of matters is nothing short of disgraceful, considering that it is allowed to occur in an era which boasts of its health exhibitions and of its general pride in effective sanitation, goes without saying; and it remains to be seen how long this pollution of a great water-supply is to be allowed to continue after Dr. Blaxall's official warning has been published.

It is not difficult to show from the records of health-science that diseases of certain type—whereof typhoid fever, the ailment of peer and peasant alike, is a good example—are propagated through the medium of polluted water. Instances are known in which a single case of typhoid fever, allowed to infect the water-supply of a town, has given rise to thousands of cases of that ailment. When, therefore, we hear that the records of the Staines rural district show a total of some five hundred cases of typhoid fever during the past seven years, we may readily enough surmise the risks which London runs in the way of the propagation of this disease through its water-supply, if the Staines sewage is allowed to escape into the Thames above the point whence the intake of the London water companies is derived. As regards the purifying influence which running water may be believed to exert on sewage matters, such influence at the best is but problematical. In any case, it is a practice which is at direct variance both with common-sense and with all the canons of sanitary law to allow any water-supply to run the slightest risk of sewage contamination. It is clear Staines is in the Rip Van Winkle stage of sanitary improvement, and the powers that be should therefore wake up (or be woke up) to a sense of their duties. An area in the state described by Dr. Blaxall is not merely a nuisance and a disgrace to itself, but an absolute danger to other districts.

An interesting statement has recently been made regarding a curious and noteworthy improvement in microscope lenses. Everyone who works with the microscope knows how the difficulties of observation increase with the powers used. Very high powers, in fact, are capable of being employed with success only by microscopic experts, and any improvement which can render lenses of such powers more easily managed cannot fail to prove an immense boon to the scientist. It has been discovered that by adding chlorine and phosphorus to the substances used for making the lenses, the glass is rendered much more transparent, and can be manipulated by the lens-grinders so as to increase its value to an immense degree. A statement is made regarding the increased powers which the process will impart to the microscope. It seems that the most powerful instrument at present in use will render visible an object the diameter of which is the one-sixteenth thousandth of a millimetre—a millimetre equals 0.03937 in. With the improved lenses, it is calculated microscopists will be able to discern an object whose diameter is not greater than the one eight-millionth of a millimetre.



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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Such utter changes in fashion as have taken place between this present season and last summer are really cruel to women with a limited dress allowance. The old bonnets and mantles are quite impossible. Last season's gowns look queer, but they may sometimes be adapted and renovated. The pointed bodice, very short on the hips, may have a gathered frill of the material, or a pleating of lace, put round the edge of the basque. The demodé Zouave may be removed, the front of its erstwhile under-bodice cut off and left loose, and a smart vest of brocade or embroidery inserted underneath. But what can be done with the short-backed mantles and tiny-tailed jackets of last summer? It positively makes the frugal groan to hold the inevitable spring review of the veterans of the wardrobe this year.

There is practically no exception to the rule that every bodice and mantle must be three-quarter length, except in the case of polonaises. These, coming back to fashion late last summer, are still retained; they are now being made very plain over the hips, the line of which is generally emphasised by a ribbon sash tied in the front, or a narrow belt of velvet, or a shaped ornament. The bodice part, like those of all dresses, is much trimmed. Ingenuity is lavished on the decoration of this portion of the present gowns, while the skirts continue plain, and are trimmed only round the foot.

At the Royal Academy private view, where the dress this year was exceptionally good, many of the newest-looking gowns were made with "Louis Quinze" coats. These are very long skirted at the back and sides, are cut open to hang more or less loose in the front, and have revers above the bust and straight edges below; a close-fitting vest, fastening either invisibly under the edges of the coat or with tiny buttons closely set down the centre, is revealed by the opening of the front. It is essential that the vest shall be handsome. You may have a little bit of very magnificent brocade for it (and the cuffs to correspond), or it may be richly embroidered, or it will do trimmed with a row or two of fine gold or silver or jewelled passementerie.

Cloth dresses do quite as well as silk ones made in this fashion. A very effective gown at the Academy was of a stone-grey woollen material, with vest of cloth of a more pronounced blue, embroidered beautifully along its centre with pink and blue silks, and finished at the throat with a jabot of lace. Another was of heliotrope cashmere, with vest and foot trimming of white cloth, on which was a little embroidery of heliotrope round braid and amethysts intermingled. Another effective dress was of sapphire-blue rough-faced cloth, with white half-moons on it, and Louis Quinze coat of blue bengaline to match; the vest was of a brocade curiously like in pattern to the skirt that was of so different a texture. A fortunate combination was a black Vigogne skirt, hemmed with black and white striped velvet some six inches deep; a fine black cloth Louis Quinze coat with white satin vest, embroidered with black, and black and white braiding on the cuffs and large hip pockets. These last-mentioned adjuncts, by the way, are quite optional; I think that the coats look smarter without pockets. Another matter for individual taste is the placing of three or four buttons on the edges of the coat, where it is cut straight below the bust. Three large or four smaller buttons are often put on

there, but equally often are omitted. If used at all, they must be something handsome—cut steel, at least, though jewelled ones are often seen.

Materials with detached patterns and others with a rib in the fabric are the newest and most stylish. The ribbed goods vary from "corduroy cloth" to "crêpon." The former is comparatively substantial stuff, and in its effect unlike anything we have had lately; its rib is, of course, much softer and less perceptible than that of corduroy velvet. Crêpon has the crinkled and marrowy surface of its elder relative, China crêpe, but is more substantial, though still so light of texture as to drape very softly and gracefully. A striking gown of this material was worn at the Academy by Mrs. Tate, wife of the generous donor of our future National Portrait Gallery. Her dress was of tan crêpon, draped en tablier, and also having a yoke covered, with black net embroidered with jet and steel beads around little diamond-shaped appliqué of grey velvet. At the back, the material depended in a Watteau pleat, passing from the yoke into a demi-train. This was too eccentric for common copying, but in that particular gown the effect was good. Another crêpon dress was of pale tan, with sleeves of blue silk and two bands of silk round the bottom of the plain skirt; the bodice was folded from the shoulder to the waist.

A decided feature of the new visiting gowns is that, alas! they are all slightly trained. This is really almost essential for elegance when the skirt is quite undraped and very narrow. The backs of dresses are laid in flat box-pleats, so as to sit as closely as possible to the figure above, spreading out to the ground, while the fronts are absolutely undraped. For the fan to pass into a few inches of train appears, therefore, essential, when the material is not of a firm, independent kind. Silks, velvets, and soft cashmeres and cloths alike are made to rest a few inches on the ground. This is all very well for carriage wear, but it is a sad tale for the women who will be in the fashion, but cannot always ride. Tailor dresses as yet do not show this evil tendency: let us all make a serious effort to prevent the malady of the superfluous tail from spreading to those needful walking costumes.

Mr. Woodall's Women's Suffrage Bill was to have been debated in the House of Commons on May 13, but its enemies mustered in full force when Mr. Smith proposed to leave that date open for the discussion of the measure, and compelled the Government to accept that date for the Irish Land Bill. The Women's Suffrage Bill is, therefore, shelved for this Session. There is every reason to believe that the Conservative Ministry would be willing to pass some sort of a measure giving votes to women—though a Conservative Bill would naturally enfranchise women of property only, if possible—but the way is barred by the ardent opposition of the Liberal Unionist leaders. Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James are all very strongly against the enfranchisement of women.

Seldom has there been a worse-managed social function than the opening of the Naval Exhibition. The tent was not provided with properly raised seats, and when the rain came down its fabric proved too fragile to keep out the water. No provision was made for receiving and seating special guests. Most offensive of all, the company present were "chivied" from gallery to gallery in order to keep the successive rooms empty while the royal party passed through. This discourteous and snobbish mismanagement was in striking contrast to that of all the South Kensington exhibitions, in the arrangements of which the Prince of Wales took a personal share. The Princess looked very nice in green velvet trimmed on the bodice with bands of brown fur.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 5, 1890), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15 following), of the Duke of Bedford, who died on Jan. 14, at 81, Eaton Square, has been proved by the Duchess of Bedford, the widow, and the Hon. William Edward Sackville West, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £230,000.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1890) of Mr. Edward Waugh, late of The Burroughs, Cockermouth, J.P., formerly M.P. for the borough of Cockermouth, was proved at Carlisle on April 18 by Mrs. Waugh, the widow, and Edward Lamb Waugh, the son, the executors, the net value of the personal estate being sworn at £92,761. The testator leaves all his real and personal property to his wife, for life; and at her death, as to certain colliery shares, to his son Charles Liddell Waugh; as to £27,000, including certain marriage portions, for his daughters, Catherine Jane Pollock, Anna Mary Hadwen, and Alice Miles Waugh, in equal shares; and, as to the residue, to his son, the said Edward Lamb Waugh.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1878), with two codicils (dated May 24 and 25, 1888), of Mr. William Salmon Clark, late of Dunottar, King's Road, Richmond Hill, and the Horse Shoe Brewery, Tottenham Court Road, who died on March 11, was proved on April 28, by Mrs. Mary Ann Ford Clark, the widow, John Hunter, and Robert Lewin Hunter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £53,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife and children.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Clackmannan, of the trust disposition and settlement (executed Jan. 3, 1887) of Mr. John Buchanan, of Powis, Clackmannanshire, who died at Powis House on March 18, granted to John Buchanan Hamilton, Ralph Dundas, and William John Dundas, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on April 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £49,000.

The will (dated July 4, 1884) of Miss Emma Barker, late of Cambridge House, Hampton Wick, who died on March 21, was proved on May 2 by Miss Maria Louisa Barker, the sister, and the Rev. Henry Christopher Barker, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testatrix leaves her plate to her said sister for life, and then to her said brother; £1000, her jewellery, and her share of the freehold residence, Cambridge House, and of the furniture and effects to her said sister; and legacies to nieces. The residue of her moneys invested in stocks, funds, and securities she gives to her said sister and brother.

The will and two codicils of Miss Caroline Davenport-Bromley, formerly of 12, Montagu Square, and late of 49, Great Cumberland Place, who died on March 2, was proved on May 2 by James Curtis Leman and William Bromley Davenport, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testatrix gives legacies to nephews, nieces, servants, and others; and the residue of her property to her sister, Mrs. Charlotte Airey.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1891) of Mr. Charles William Jousiffe, late of Seven Barrows, Lambourne, Berks, trainer and farmer, who died on Feb. 26, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Fanny Jousiffe, the widow, and Mr. Sydney Lawrence Jousiffe, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1884) of Mrs. Anna Maria Clark, late of Mickleham Hall, Mickleham, Surrey, who died on Feb. 18, at 30, Hyde Park Street, was proved on April 23 by

Royal Appointments.



H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.



Her Majesty the Queen.



H.R.H. the late Duchess of Cambridge.

JAY'S MOURNING HOUSE

"Has become one of the features of the West End of London, so long has it been established and so entirely has it fulfilled its undertakings. And not only do the dwellers in town, but all visitors to the Metropolis, profit by the experience of such well-known caterers. The etiquette of Mourning is continually changing in certain matters of detail, and a reliable guide to what may, and what may not, be worn under certain circumstances is almost necessary. That guide is to be found here—an authority on everything, from the length of a widow's veil to the texture of a ball dress. Aside from this specialty, there are thousands of customers who deal habitually with Messrs. JAY without wearing mourning. This being one of the houses where may be seen the masterpieces of WORTH and PINGAT, though in subdued tints, it is scarcely to be wondered at that a certain attraction impels many thither who only from choice invest themselves in these half-mourning lines. Costumes, Mantles, Bonnets, Caps, Fichus, Dinner Dresses, Tea Gowns, Skirts of sumptuous fabric and trimmings, Jet Ornaments, Gloves, and Handkerchiefs are here to be found in every tasteful guise. Materials from the richest to the cheapest are at hand, and, as dressmakers famed for their fit and cut are kept upon the premises, it is always possible to choose one's own material, style of make, and mode of finish. The assortment of Mantles, whether trimmed with jet, passementerie, or lace, is perhaps the largest, and most certainly the richest, in London, ranging as it does from the most elaborate of evening wraps to the simplest and plainest tailor-cut walking jacket."

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1000 things in Household, Shop, Factory, and
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MONKEY BRAND



We're a capital couple the Moon and I,
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky:
And we both declare, as half the world knows,
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"

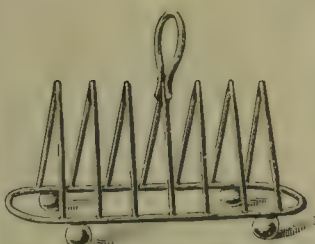
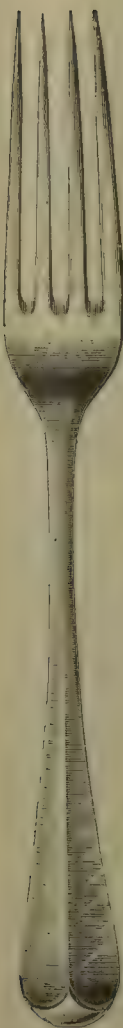
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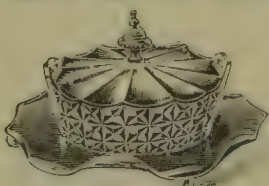
Toast Rack, A 1 Electro-Plated on Nickel Silver, 7s. 6d.



A 1 Electro-Plated Muffineer Cruet, complete, with Spoons, 15s.



Cut Glass Claret Jug, with Solid Silver Mount, £5.



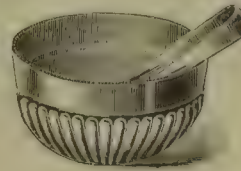
A 1 Electro-Plated Butter Dish, with Cut-Glass Lining, 21s.



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A 1 Electro-Plated Sugar Bowl, complete, with Tongs, 9s. 6d.



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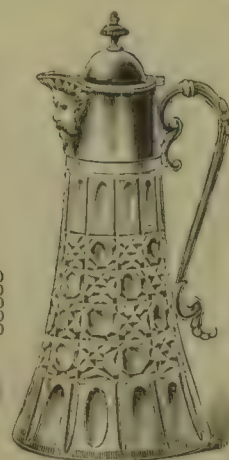
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Cut-Glass Claret Jug, with A 1 Electro-Plated Mount, 25s.

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220, REGENT STREET, W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; & QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

Gordon Wyatt Clark, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testatrix appoints one third share of the residuary estate under the will of her late uncle, Thomas Thornton, represented by various stocks amounting to over £68,000, among her eight children. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her husband.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1889) of the Rev. Adolph Saphir, D.D., late of 19, Lansdowne Road, Kensington Park, who died on April 4, was proved on April 29 by Johanna Schönberger, the sister, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator gives and bequeaths all his property to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Saphir, who died in his lifetime, and his personal estate therefore becomes divisible among his next-of-kin, as though he had died intestate.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1891) of Mr. George Archibald Montgomerie Newcomen, late of The Kennels, Moulton, Norfolk, who died on Feb. 26, was proved at the Norwich District Registry on April 21 by Albert Vaucamps and Gerard Frederic Blake, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £12,500. The testator confirms a recent settlement made between him and his wife, and, subject to the trusts thereof, bequeaths £2500, and a further sum of £1500, upon trust, for his daughter, Kathleen Louisa Gledowe Newcomen; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for Agnes Marshall, for life, and then for his said daughter.

The will of Colonel Lord Albert Charles Seymour, formerly of the Scots Guards, late of Highfield, Haslemere, Surrey, who died on March 24, at 115, Eaton Square, was proved on April 28 by Lady Sarah Maria Anne Seymour, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1736.

The Duchess of Connaught has consented to become patroness of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.

On May 8 the members of the South-Eastern Circuit entertained Lord Hannen and Mr. Justice Jeune at dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, in celebration of the appointment of the former as a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, and the elevation of the latter to the Bench. Mr. Justice Romer was to have been a similarly honoured guest, but in consequence of an attack of influenza his lordship was unavoidably absent.

An appeal signed by the Bishop of Bedford and others asks for funds to purchase a site and erect a building for a public library for Poplar, the vote in favour of which has lately been carried by a majority of ten to one. At least £15,000 is required for this purpose, of which £2600 has already been promised. At present no institution is provided where technical or scientific books can be consulted, a fact which must put our own at a disadvantage when competing with the foreign workmen. Subscriptions should be sent to the manager of the London and County Bank, East India Road, E.

The Lord Lieutenant is continuing his tour in the south of Ireland, and is visiting the relief works and districts where distress recently prevailed. His Excellency and party remained for a night at Glengarriff, and thence drove to Castletownbere. On the way workmen cheered his Excellency, bonfires were lighted, and at one point a triumphal arch was erected, made of furze flowers and green bushes. One road leading to the sea the Lord Lieutenant directed should be named after himself, and he promised to order the construction of a pier at Castletownbere.

SOME ROYAL BOOK-BINDINGS.

The Exhibition of Fine and Historical Bindings at the British Museum has recently been enlarged by the addition of two cases containing a number of handsome volumes which have belonged to the Sovereigns of England, their consorts, and other members of the royal family.

These books, with one or two exceptions, having been bound in this country, form a very interesting and instructive series, and show that, although the productions of the English binders may not equal the triumphs of French art, not a few of them are of great excellence, both with respect to the character of the work and to the artistic beauty of the designs.

Many of the English Sovereigns were admirers of beautiful bindings, and several of our Queens embroidered their books with their own hands. As early as the time of Edward IV. we find some interesting particulars in his wardrobe accounts respecting the binding and ornamentation of his books. In 1480, Piers Bauduyn, stationer, among other sums, was paid twenty shillings for binding, gilding, and dressing "of a booke called 'Titus Livius'"; sixteen shillings for "a booke called the bible"; and sixteen shillings for "a booke called le Gouvernement of Kings and Princes"; and velvet, silk, and clasps of copper and gilt were purchased for the purpose of covering and decorating these volumes.

Prior to the time of Henry VIII. the royal books were generally bound in velvet or silk, with silver or gilt ornaments, and the goldsmith had as great a share in their ornamentation as the bookbinder; but towards the end of that monarch's reign the taste for leather bindings with gold tooling reached this country from Italy and France, and a bill of Thomas Berthelet, the King's printer and bookbinder, dated 1543, is still in existence, in which, among other items, Henry is charged four shillings for binding "a new Testament in latyne, and a Psalter englishe and latyne, bounde backe to backe, in white leather, gorgeously gilted on the leather, with arabaske drawing in golde on the transfile"; and eighteen shillings for "ij bookes of paper royall bounde after the Venecian fascion, for the Kinges hyghnes use."

Somewhat later, in the reign of Edward VI., Grolier patterns were introduced into England; and the fine example which may be found here is exceedingly creditable to the English art of the time. It is a copy of Cardinal Bembo's "History of Venice," printed in Venice in 1551, and is bound in brown calf, each cover bearing the arms and initials of King Edward; the royal motto "Dieu et Mon Droyt" occurring in a circle above the arms, and in one below them the date 1552. The back is made concave, and is gilt and gaudied in imitation of the edges, producing a somewhat strange effect. Berthelet was probably the binder.

The bindings of Queen Elizabeth's books are very superior, both as regards beauty of design and finish of workmanship, to those of her predecessors, and some very fine specimens are shown in these cases. Paul Hentzner, a travelling tutor to a young German nobleman, in his "Itinerary through Germany, England, France, and Italy," gives an account of a visit which he paid in August 1598 to the Queen's library at Whitehall, and he informs us that it contained a large number of books in various languages "all bound in velvet of different colours, though chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver; some having pearls and precious stones set in their bindings." What became of these volumes is unknown, as none of them are to be found in the old royal collection which was given to the nation by King George II. in 1757. Possibly the pearls and precious stones may have had something to do with

their disappearance. One dainty little book of prayers, in red velvet, with enamelled gold centrepieces bearing a crowned Tudor rose and the Queen's initial, and having also corners and clasps of the same precious metal, was acquired by the Museum with the library of King George III.

The covers of the books of King James I., who was a great lover of sumptuous bindings, are frequently ornamented with the King's arms and initials, and thickly studded with heraldic thistles, fleurs-de-lys, flaming hearts, &c. Some noble folios, decorated in this style, are among the books exhibited. It is not known by whom these handsome volumes were bound, for, although we find, in the "Calendar of State Papers," that large sums were paid to the King's printers—John Norton and Robert Barker—for binding books for the King's service, no details are given. John Gibson was the royal binder in Scotland, and had an annual salary of £20 Scots. The books of Henry Prince of Wales, in this exhibition, show that he inherited the taste of his father with regard to fine bindings. They are generally bound in calf, and bear his arms in the centre of the covers, with crowned roses, fleurs-de-lys, lions, or his badge at the corners. Comparatively few books which belonged to Charles I. are to be found in the old royal library; but his successor, Charles II., added largely to it. His books are mostly bound in red morocco, of so good a quality that the bindings are still in excellent condition, although more than two centuries old. Many of the English bindings of the first half of the eighteenth century were particularly good, as the beautiful examples executed for the first three Georges show. In the absence of tickets it is difficult to say with certainty who bound these charming volumes; but one quaint little book, bound for George Prince of Wales, afterwards King George III., has the name of his binder, Andreas Linde, stamped on the covers.

Several embroidered books will also be found in these cases—one bearing the arms of Queen Katharine Parr, probably worked by herself; a little volume in green velvet with the arms of Queen Elizabeth; and a large folio bible in red velvet which belonged to King James II.

The Volunteer force has completed its thirty-second year, the movement having been commenced by a circular letter to lord lieutenants of counties, issued by General Peel, then Secretary for War, on May 12, 1859.

The funeral of Mr. Barry Sullivan, which took place on May 9 in Dublin, was attended by a large cortège of citizens to Glasnevin Cemetery. His sons were the chief mourners. The staffs of the Gaiety Theatre, Leinster Hall, and Queen's Theatre attended.

The two little North American islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon are giving Lord Salisbury some trouble. They are all that is left to France of her once-glorious Transatlantic empire, and guard the entrance to Fortune Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland. This geographical fact is all-important just now, for the Newfoundlanders assert with no little confidence that Downing Street ignorance on this point has excluded from the pending arbitration with France the alleged violation of French treaty rights in regard to these islands. Lord Salisbury, it is said, believed until quite recently that St. Pierre and Miquelon were adjacent to the west shore, and so came within the scope of the arbitration without special reference. Now that the exact position of the islands is known, it is too late to amend the reference. Oh that British statesmen would keep a large map of the empire ever at their elbow!

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Internal Weakness, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Dyspepsia, Organic Disorders,
General Debility, Torpid Liver, Impaired Vitality, Melancholia.

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worn your Electropathic
Belt for more than a year,
and have much pleasure
in bearing testimony to
its efficacy in my case.
Before wearing it I
suffered from Lassitude
and Torpid Liver, with
concomitant Nervous
Exhaustion. These symptoms subsided after
wearing the Belt, and I have experienced far
better health under its use. I would not go
without it on any account. I am of opinion
that it would have a most beneficial effect on
residents in tropical climates, particularly
those who are liable to a sedentary life, and
as Belts are considered a great protection in
India, and highly recommended by those made
of a lighter material would, I feel sure, be
an important desideratum for most Anglo-
Indians and residents in tropical climates.
You may make use of my testimonial."

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AND VERTIGO.—W. TYLER, Esq., 133,
Argent Street, Gray's, Essex, writes, Feb. 23,
1891: "Since wearing your Electropathic Belt my Nerves are strengthened, and my back too.
It is a blessing to me, and I hope I shall never be without one."



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CORNER OF RATHBONE PLACE.

SCIATICA.—Mr. W.
H. TUCKER, 43, Beulah
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Heath, writes, Feb. 17,
1891: "I must express
my gratitude to you for
the invention of the
Electropathic Belts, the
full-power one of which
has so greatly modified
and reduced the Sciatica
pains from which I
suffered so severely."

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HENRY CHARLES, Esq.,
Military House, Fawcett
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pathic Belt, I am pleased
to say I am much better
in every respect. Before
purchasing it I suffered
from Stone and Kidney
disorder for fifteen years.
I then went under an
operation for Stone in
the Royal Portsmouth
Hospital, at 8 o'clock.
I am thankful to say
that I am quite satisfied
with the Belt, and my
back is very much stronger
since wearing it than it
was before."

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buy a visit to their Electropathic and Zander Institute, where, by means of scientific experiments and testimonials, he will be able to prove to you con-
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The Duke of Newcastle.	Sir W. Scovel Savory, Bart., F.R.S.
The Duke of Norfolk.	Sir E. H. Sleekling, M.D.
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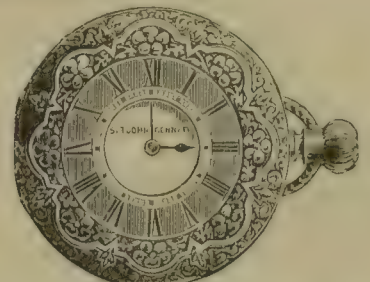
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Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes containing 3 lights. 8d. per Box.

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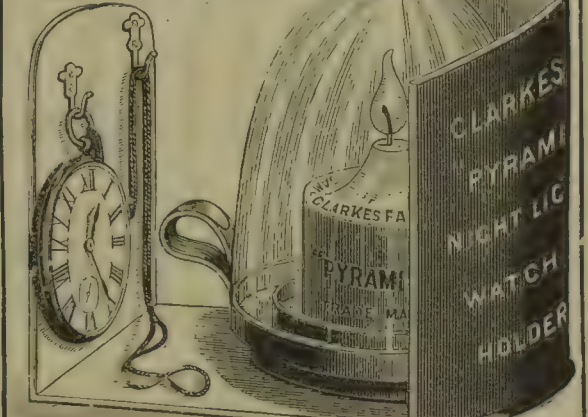
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OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF POWIS.

The Right Hon. Edward James Herbert, third Earl of Powis, Viscount Clive and Baron Powis, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Clive in the Peerage of Great Britain, and Baron Clive of Plassey in that of Ireland, died at his residence, 45, Berkeley Square, on May 7. He was born Nov. 5, 1818, the eldest son of Edward, second Earl of Powis, K.G., by Lucy, his wife, daughter of the third Duke of Montrose, and was educated at Eton and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated first class in classics in 1840. From 1843 to 1848, when he succeeded to the peerage, he represented, as a Conservative, North Shropshire in Parliament. His lordship was Lord Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire, High Steward of Cambridge University, LL.D. and D.C.L. He was not married, and is succeeded by his nephew, George Charles, only surviving son of the late Right Hon. Sir Percy Egerton Herbert, K.C.B. The present and fourth Earl was born in 1862, and married, Aug. 21, 1890, the Hon. Violet Lane-Fox, younger daughter and coheir of the late Lord Conyers. The famous Indian commander, Robert Lord Clive, was great-grandfather of the nobleman whose

death we record. The surname of Herbert came through the marriage of the second Lord Clive with the sister and heiress of the last Earl of Powis of the family of Herbert.

LORD JAMES DOUGLAS.

Lord James Edward Sholto Douglas, brother of the present Marquis of Queensberry, whose melancholy death at the Euston Hotel, on May 5, is announced, was youngest son of the seventh Marquis, by Caroline Margaret, his wife, daughter of General Sir William Robert Clayton, Bart. Born May 25, 1855, he married, Sept. 4, 1888, Martha Lucy, widow of Mr. R. Hennessy. It may be remarked that Lord James's father was killed at Kinmount, his seat in Scotland, by the accidental explosion of his gun, and that Lord James's brother, Lord Francis W. Bouverie Douglas, met his death by an accidental fall over a precipice in Switzerland in 1865. Lord James held at one time a lieutenancy in the West Kent Militia.

CAPTAIN THE HON. T. K. D. ST. LAWRENCE.

The Hon. Thomas Kenelm Digby St. Lawrence, Captain 5th Dragoon Guards, half-brother and heir-presumptive of the present Earl of Howth, died on May 8. He was born Dec. 12, 1855, the only son of Thomas, third Earl of Howth, K.P., by Henrietta Digby, his wife, only child of Mr. Peter Barfoot of Landerstown, in the county of Kildare. He served as one of the pages of the Prince of Wales at his Royal Highness's installation as a Knight of St. Patrick in 1868, and, subsequently entering the Army, served in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, receiving medal with clasp and bronze star.

SIR JOHN ROBERTSON, K.C.M.G.

Sir John Robertson, K.C.M.G., the eminent statesman of New South Wales, died recently, at the age of seventy-five. At a

very early period of life he went to Australia, where he spent some time in the merchant service, and afterwards in farming. Becoming in due course a leading person in the colony, he was elected M.P. there. For full thirty years he formed part of the Colonial Ministry, and held three times the office of Premier. The decoration of K.C.M.G. was conferred on him in 1877, when he was Colonial Secretary. He married, in 1837, Margaret Emma, daughter of Mr. J. J. Davies of Clovelly, Watson's Bay, New South Wales.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Charlotte Cecilia, Lady Wilmot, wife of Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., of Chaddesden, in the county of Derby, and daughter of the Rev. Frederick H. Pare, M.A., on May 5, aged fifty-eight.

Mr. Lindsey Middleton Aspland, Q.C., LL.D., of the Middle Temple, younger son of the late Rev. R. Brook Aspland, on May 6, of influenza and pneumonia.

Colonel Herbert George Deedes of Sandling Park, Kent, Permanent Assistant Under-Secretary for War, on May 5. He was second son of Mr. William Deedes of Sandling, M.P. for East Kent, by Emily Octavia Taylor, his wife, niece of the late Sir Herbert Taylor, G.C.B.

Captain Hugh Berners, R.N., of Woolverstone Park, Suffolk, on May 7, in his ninetieth year. He was second son of the late Venerable Henry Denny Berners, of Woolverstone Park, Archdeacon of Suffolk, and succeeded to the estate at the decease of his elder brother. He married Julia Alice, daughter of Mr. John Ashton of The Grange, and leaves issue. Captain Berners was a member of the Royal Yacht Club, Vice-chairman of the Board of Directors of the New River Company, and in 1883 President of the Suffolk Agricultural Association.

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When there is a feeling as of a stone,
When there is general sense of discomfort,

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AND PEPSALIA!

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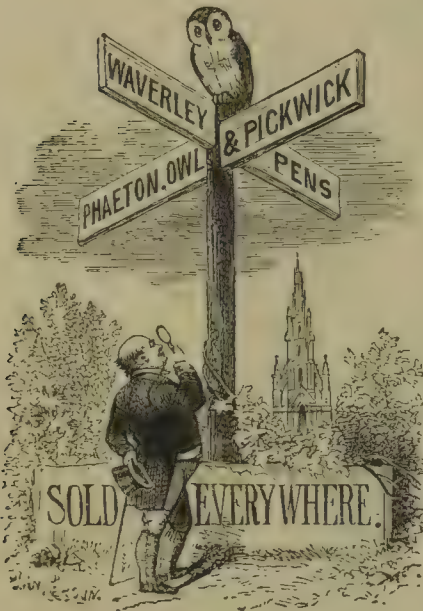
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PURE
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COCOA.

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("DOMBEY AND SON.")

"Cap'n Cuttle knows
a good thing, I
tell ye; and when
he hails a better
drink than
van Houten's Cocoa
he'll make a
note on it."

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Dentifrice.

"The 'Dentifrice' is sent out in elegant glass-stoppered
vases enclosed in very neat cases. It consists of a very delicately
perfumed powder, entirely free from the least trace of grittiness
or alkalinity. In the mouth the sensation of smoothness and
coolness produced is most grateful."—*The British and Colonial
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The Music composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
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LIZA LEHMANN.
Just published.
Sung by Miss Liza Lehmann with great success.
AN APRIL SONG (Printemps d'Avril).
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"An exceedingly clever and pretty song,"—Times.
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Words by F. E. Weatherly.
Just Published. In C, D, and E flat.
BY THE OLD, OLD SEA. H. Trottere.
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In B flat, C, and E flat.

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The last New Song by this very Popular Composer.
NEAPOLITAN SONG. Paolo Tosti.
"The melody is earnest, and the pianoforte accompaniment appropriate,"—Daily Telegraph.
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For Tenor and Bass. Just published.
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Sung by Mr. Henry Guy and Mr. Farley Sinkins on Madame Albani's Tour with great success.

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VILLANELLE (from "Suite Provençale")
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VILLANELLE. Cotford Dick.

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"Simple and melodious,"—Figaro.
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Arranged also for Violin and Pianoforte, price 2s. net each.

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I was born in the woods, where the chequered
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I live in the homes of rich and poor—
I live to do them good,
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And clean and sweet is the path I leave
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And thousands of those I bless, rain down
Benedictions on my head!

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CHEAP TRAINS every Saturday to Havant and Ports-
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Road), 12.45 p.m.; returning, by certain Trains only, the fol-
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to Havant, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Returning
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Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town, and
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THE ART MAGAZINES.

An etching of Mr. Charles W. Bartlett's picture "The Twenty-ninth of May" is the frontispiece of the *Art Journal* for May. Emanuel Fremiet, the sculptor, whose work attracted so much notice in the Paris Exhibition of '89, has been chosen by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson as his theme for a very interesting article in the same number. The collection of pictures of Mr. John Aird is described in Mr. Boyes's paper, the first of a series on the private picture collections of London. Mr. Aird's taste is catholic, and his collection, which is very representative of modern English art, embraces the work of wholly different schools. That clever artist Mr. Raven Hill has some first-rate character sketches of well-known painters at work on their Academy pictures, rather in the style of Renouard.

Mr. Spielman, writing of current art in the May number of the *Magazine of Art*, has given us an interesting glimpse of some of the more important pictures in the present Academy. Two or three reproductions accompany the article, all of them, we notice, being process engravings. Chief among the other items, in a very varied list of contents, is an article by Frederick Wedmore on the French revival of

etching, illustrated with two etchings by Méryon—the second especially good—one by Millet, and one by Corot. Mr. Bing, the well-known connoisseur of Japanese art, begins a study of Hokusai, the famous artist of the Flowery Land, and among the artist's drawings, which are scattered through the letter-press, is a remarkable one entitled "Curiosity Excited by the Arrival of Europeans in the Seventeenth Century," representing a crowd of Japanese staring through the windows of a house at a party of Europeans, who are dressed in what looks like a fairly accurate representation of the costume of Charles II. We must not forget to notice the account of Berkeley Castle, by Percy Fitzgerald, illustrated by some charming drawings by W. Hatherell. That of the hall of the castle is rich in tone and full of "colour." The frontispiece of the number is from Mr. Wetherbee's picture "Glad Spring," exhibited in last year's New Gallery.

After a course of three years, *Artistic Japan*, which, under the guidance of the well-known connoisseur, M. Bing, has been appearing monthly in Paris and London, will shortly cease to appear. Its most recent numbers fully keep up the reputation established at the outset, and Europe has had the opportunity of studying, through careful and costly repro-

ductions, Japanese art in every branch. European artists and craftsmen have at length awakened to the practical lessons to be learnt from the workmen of the land of the rising sun, and each year our textile manufactures, metal work, and other industries bear witness to their influence. The English edition of M. Bing's periodical has, it is well known, been under the direction of Mr. M. B. Huish, whose "Hints upon the Formation of a Collection of Japanese Art," showing an intimate knowledge of the quicksands which beset the path of the inexperienced collector, form a fitting close to this work. That Mr. Huish can speak with authority on such subjects is shown by the fact that a Yokohama publishing firm have requested a new edition of his "Japan and its Arts," specially for that country—a compliment probably never before paid to "a barbarian."

"General" Booth, who is at present in Switzerland, has had a long and cordial interview at the Federal Palace with President Wetti and Councillor Ruchonnet, Chief of the Federal Department of Justice. This is regarded as indicating that the Federal authorities will in future cease to interfere with the Salvationist services in Switzerland.

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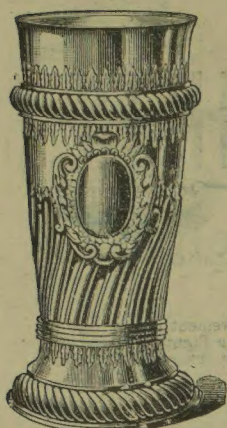
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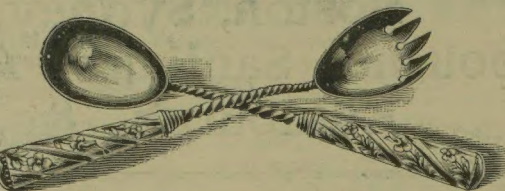
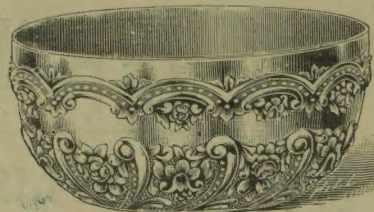
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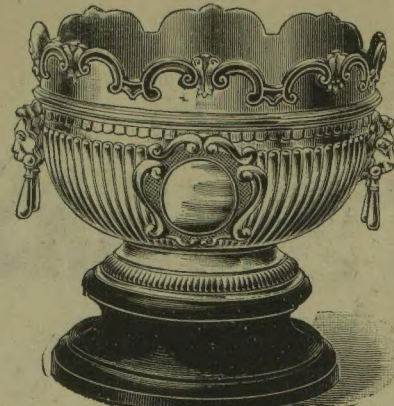
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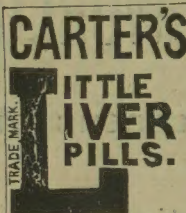
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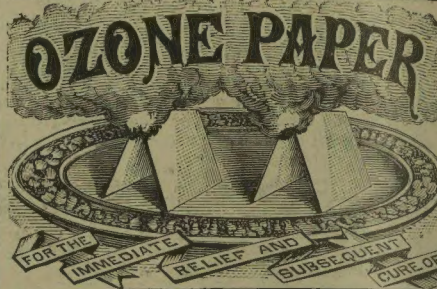
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